

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### 'CHIN-UP' TALK

PRESIDENT Eisenhower is warming to his work in his attempt to force the pace in the race with the Soviet Union's scientific knowledge. The President's second "chin-up" talk to the nation on Wednesday is a warning that the administration will have to take stringent measures to catch up with the Russians.

To do this it will be necessary to find tax money and there are indications that the President will require to increase defence spending by at least another US\$1,000 million over the present ceiling of US\$38,000 million.

There is likely to be little argument in Congress with the President's declaration in Oklahoma City that new costs will be involved in catching up with the Soviet Union's rocket and missile development. But where is the money to come from to meet the new costs?

Whether by cutting out or deferring new categories of federal programmes now in operation, as the President suggested, or by increasing income tax, which former President Truman has suggested as the only way it can be done.

But despite the President's statement that foreign aid cannot be cut to make up for the increased defence costs, there is bound to be a very determined effort by some congressmen to reduce in that area.

### FAMILIAR

UNDOUBTEDLY the old and familiar considerations will be in the forefront of congressional thinking; namely that the people back home who can be affected by reductions in spending also have voting powers, whereas people abroad do not.

The administration has a continuous battle with Congress to prevent cuts being made in its foreign aid programme and the fight may be even more strenuous in the coming year.

However, many of the President's Democratic critics have declared that the Soviet Union has been able to forge ahead in the missile race because the administration has been far too concerned with balancing the budget. But a balanced budget was one of the major promises of the President's two presidential campaigns and as he reiterated the promise in his Oklahoma City talk it is improbable that the administration will lightly abandon that objective.

# CONCILIATION EFFORTS FAIL

## French NATO Walk Out Sensation

Paris, Nov. 15.

Attempts to patch up the rift which led the French delegation to walk out of the current Atlantic pact parliamentary conference here seemed to have failed tonight.

The French delegation walked out today in protest against the American and British decision to send arms to Tunisia.

The walk-out produced a strong wave of sympathy with the French attitude from members of numerous delegations, and conciliation efforts were made, backed by the good offices of the Nato Secretary-General, M. Henri Spaak.

The walk-out led to the summoning of a special session of the Nato Permanent Council tomorrow.

### KASHMIR ISSUE PAKISTAN AGAINST COURT

Karachi, Nov. 15.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Ismail Chundrigar, said today Pakistan would not refer the legal aspects of the accession of Jammu and Kashmir to an international court for an advisory opinion.

The Swedish representative at the United Nations Security Council, Mr. Gunnar Jarring, suggested this on Wednesday. Mr. Chundrigar, addressing his first press conference since he took office a month ago, said: "We cannot agree for one moment on such a matter. We cannot agree to re-open questions already decided."

"We are interested in further steps towards demilitarisation of the State of Jammu and Kashmir by the withdrawal of India and Pakistan so that a plebiscite can be held,"—Reuter.

### PROCTER'S GAMBLE

Washington, Nov. 15.

Since Neil H. McElroy, former head of the Procter and Gamble Soap Company, became Defence Secretary, military officials have stopped taking "calculated risks."

Instead, they take what they call a "Procter's gamble,"—United Press.

## No US Forces Reduction Without Consultation

Washington, Nov. 15.

Defence Secretary Neil McElroy said today that the United States would have to obtain approval of its Far Eastern allies before it could reduce military manpower in that area.

He was talking at a news conference in response to questions as to whether US defence manpower generally could be reduced in order to save money for more expensive missiles it has begun to build.

When asked specifically whether US manpower in overseas bases could be cut for this purpose, he replied that this was "a real problem because of allied agreements." By this he apparently meant that it would require the consent of allies generally.

Then he was asked about the manpower reduction situation in the Far East. He replied that he believed reductions of men there would be satisfactory to US military commanders. But he stressed that any such cuts would have to be satisfactory also to America's Far Eastern allies before being carried out.—United Press.

## Newspaper Executives Released

Singapore, Nov. 15.

Two Chinese newspaper executives, who were detained in August because of pro-Communist statements in their newspaper, Sin Pao, were today released from prison because of their age and poor health.

The two, Fu Wu Mun, 65, Managing Director, and Lee Say Long, 58, a director have promised that apart from social purposes they will not communicate with any member of the press by word or letter, nor would they indulge in any journalistic activity.

The newspaper has ceased publication.—Reuter.

## LLOYD CALLS FOR RUSSIAN DEEDS NOT WORDS

Oxford, Nov. 15.

Mr Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, called here tonight for "deeds not words" from Russia about ending the cold war.

## MISSILE SPENDING FORECAST

Chicago, Nov. 15.

General Thomas White, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, said today that by 1960 the US would be spending as much on missiles as on aircraft.

Speaking to a businessmen's group here, he said: "If future deterrence can be achieved with unmanned vehicles and pushbutton systems, the Air Force will eagerly accept the fact and we are working mightily toward that end."

"The Air Force will welcome the time when it can accomplish its missions without exposing its combat crews to enemy action."

"I for one, however, believe that manned operations will be desirable indefinitely in reconnaissance, airlift and in space," General Thomas said.—Reuter.

## Cost Of Sputnik

Moscow, Nov. 15.

The Soviet Finance Minister, Mr Arseny Zverov, asked tonight whether the first Sputnik cost as much as America's first atom bomb—2,000 million dollars (about £712,000,000) replied: "No, a great deal less."

Zverov, who was talking with correspondents at a Belgian Dynasty Day reception added: "I would have protested if it had cost that much."—China Mail Special.

He told the Oxford University Conservative Association: "When appeals are made to us by Mr Khrushchev to end the cold war, when suggestions are made for high-level meetings, what we feel we want is some evidence that the Soviet Union wants in reality to reduce tension."

Speaking on British foreign policy, Mr Lloyd said that sticking to the military side of it was not enough.

### Massive Effort

Britain, he said, must also have a massive effort in the fields in which foreign intervention was more welcome: technological assistance, the teaching of English, advice on political procedure, police procedure, matters of jurisdiction.

"There is a limitless field in which a country like this can make a contribution to the economies and social systems of newer countries," he declared.—Reuter.

## Britannia's Fast Atlantic Crossing

London, Nov. 14.

A long-range Bristol Britannia 312 airliner has flown from London to New York direct in ten hours five minutes, a British Overseas Airways spokesman said here tonight.

The spokesman declined to claim a record for this proving flight which took place last night, merely describing it as a "very fast crossing."

Independent research, however, indicated that it might be the fastest direct London-New York crossing by a civil airliner.

The nearest comparable recorded time was ten hours nine minutes by a Pan American DC7C on a commercial flight last March.—Reuter.

## Eccles Sees Trade Improvement

London, Nov. 15.

Sir David Eccles, President of the Board of Trade, today estimated that in the months ahead Britain's balance of payments would improve.

Mr Eccles noted a "valuable trade deficit of £70 million" in October, but said one month's figure should not cause too much concern.

He cited North American and European markets as contributing to a high level of British exports. Improvements in terms of trade and less inflationary conditions at home will help Britain's balance of payments, Mr Eccles said.

The Board of Trade chief told the Engineering Industries Association experts that this year have been running well ahead of last year's level.—United Press.

## Chinese See Titanium Production

London, Nov. 15.

Metallurgists and industrial research experts from the Chinese technical and scientific mission to Britain today saw one of Britain's "wonder" metals, titanium, in production.

They were visiting the specialised metals division of the giant Imperial Chemical Industries Company in Birmingham.

Titanium is an ultra hard metal developed for use in aircraft industries and for other specialised purposes and the Birmingham works are claimed to be among the most advanced in the world.

Other parties from the mission today saw British gas engine manufacturers in Manchester and manufacturers of gas and electrical furnaces and induction heating equipment in the Midlands.—Reuter.

## Mao At Ballet

Moscow, Nov. 15.

Mr Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Communist Party leader, tonight entertained Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese chairman, at a Bolshoi Ballet performance of "Swan Lake," the Soviet news agency Tass reported.—Reuter.

## BRITISH PLANE DISASTER

London, Nov. 15.

A flying boat carrying 58 persons crashed in a remote section of the Isle of Wight tonight shortly after taking off from Southampton.

First reports indicated several aboard were killed.

The giant Solent plane, bound for Lisbon, with a crew of eight and 50 passengers, crashed in flames near the centre of the tiny island off Britain's south coast at 11:15 GMT.

A Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation official told in London, "Some are believed to have got out alive." He said he did not know immediately how many survived but understood several were killed.

The plane was operated by Aquila Airlines.

It crashed in the woods minutes after taking off from Southampton.

Hospitals throughout the roughly 20 miles square island were alerted to admit the injured.

Every available ambulance in the island was rushed to the scene.—United Press.

## Typhoon Lola Smashes Into Guam

Tokyo, Nov. 16.

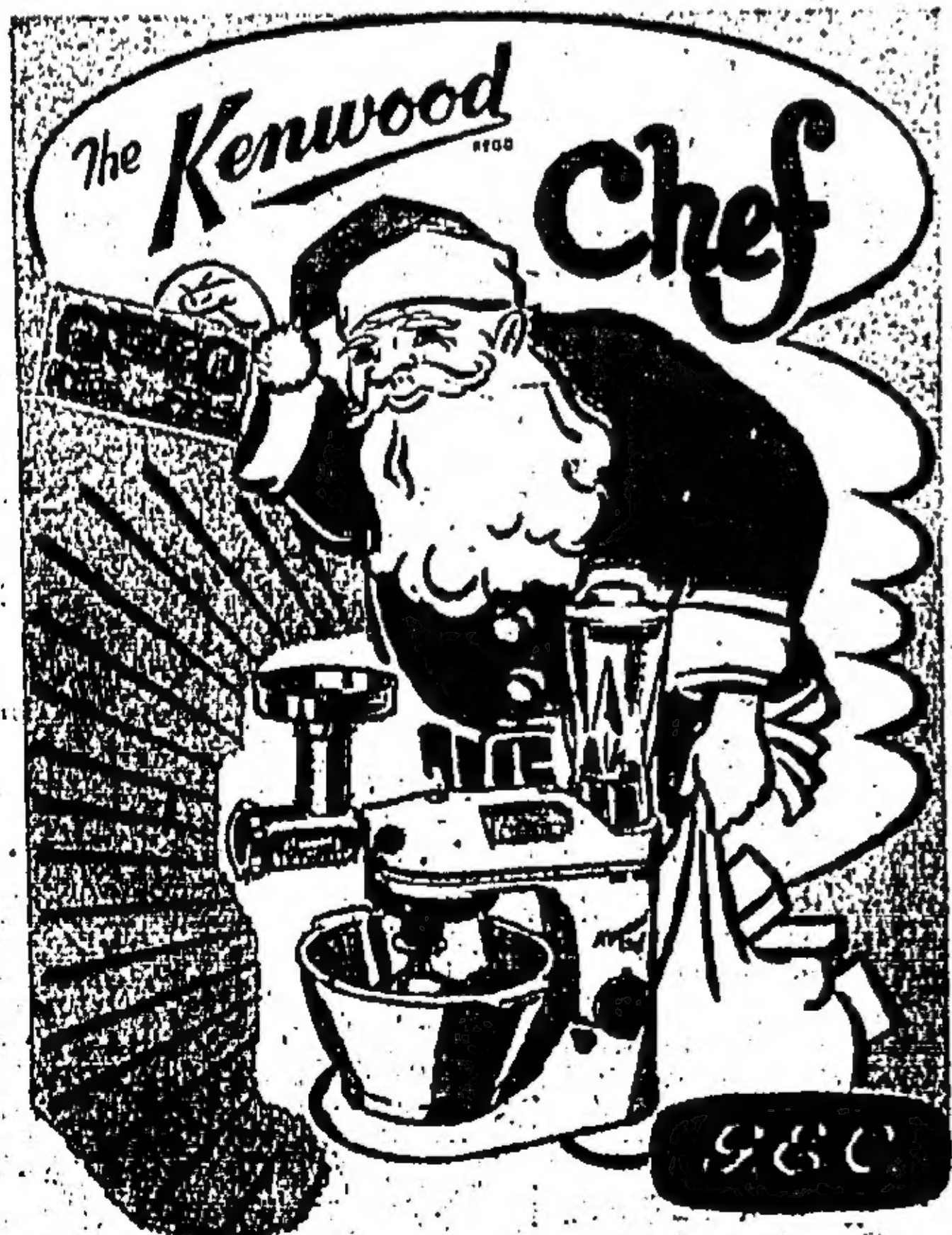
Typhoon Lola with howling 160-mile-an-hour winds last night smashed into the US mid-Pacific island of Guam.

The US Navy said here that the typhoon with its damaging winds was over the island shortly after 8 p.m. Guam time (1000 GMT Friday).

First reports mentioned no injuries.

"Thanks to the Navy's fleet weather central and typhoon chasers," a spokesman said, "the island was well prepared and battered down."

He reported a scramble of last-minute preparations as windows were boarded up and loose objects were tied down while American servicemen's wives rushed to get emergency food and candles.—United Press.

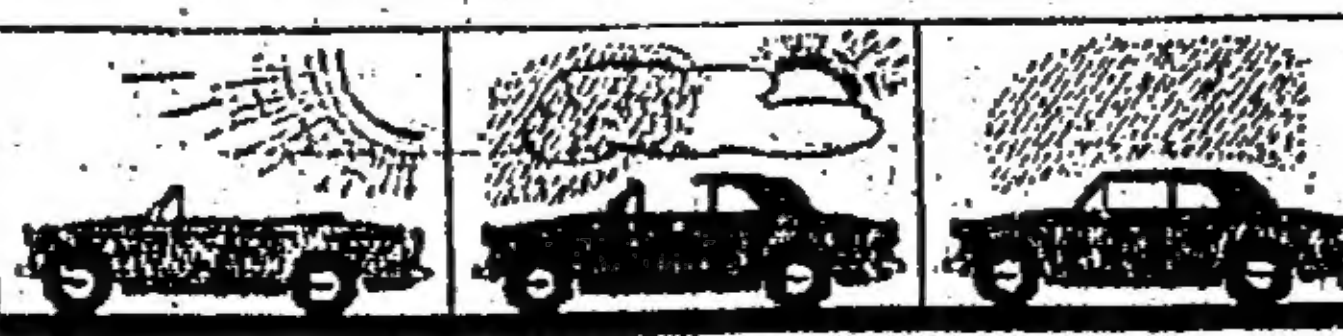


We cannot give away a £10 note with each "CHES" purchased — but this sum represents your saving against purchase in the U.K.

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**THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.**  
Showrooms: Alexandra House, Tel. 36133

## GO one better with a HILLMAN MINX Convertible

Revel in the sunshine, laugh at the rain with the Three Position Minx Convertible. The smartest, fastest and most comfortable in its class — and so economical too!



Now on display at  
**GILMAN MOTORS**  
City Showrooms—Folkestone, N.E. Tel. 36006, 31148; Kew Road Showrooms—Chertsey Rd. Tel. 34148



## BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM



"BACARDI COCKTAIL"  
1 measure Bacardi Rum  
Juice of ½ lime (or lemon)  
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup  
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by:  
**CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.**  
2 Chater Road H.K.

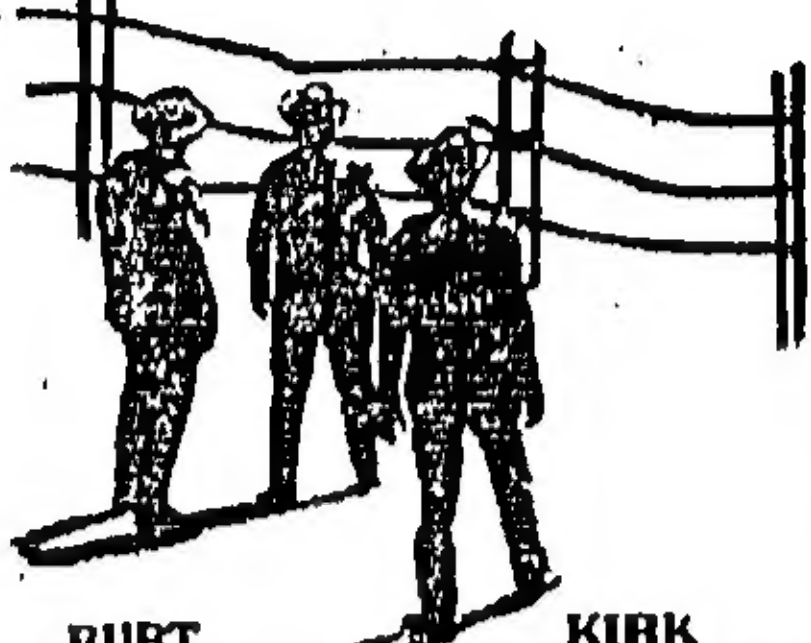


## KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.  
(Please note change of times)  
FOR A TERRIFIC 2nd WEEK!

### SIX SECONDS FROM NOW...

The strange alliance between the most famed of all lawmen and the most feared of all gamblers will be put to the test!



BURT KIRK  
LANCASTER DOUGLAS

### GUNFIGHT AT O.K. CORRAL

RHONDA FLEMING JO VAN FLEET JOHN IRELAND  
Directed by JOHN STURGES • Screenplay by LEON URS  
Music Composed and Conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin A Paramount Picture  
TECHNICOLOR

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW  
At 11.00 a.m.

A Variety Programme of Columbia's  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
& THE THREE STOOGES

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## KING'S

To-morrow at 12 noon

Special Matinee

United Artists present a Howard Hawks production  
John Wayne & Montgomery Clift in  
"RED RIVER"

Adventure! Spectacle! Excitement!

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## PRINCESS

To-morrow at 12 noon

Special Matinee

India's FILM GROUP present  
The Entertainment Highlight Of The Year  
Dilip Kumar & Nirupa Roy in  
"MUSAFIR"

Co-starring: Sekhar, Usha Kiron, Durga Khote  
Kishore Kumar & Bepin Gupta

Music by Salil Choudhury  
Songs by B. N. Sharma Kaushik  
Produced & Directed by Hrishikesh Mukherjee

A Unique, Emotional Drama Packed With Thrills  
Latest Music and Hit Tunes

At Regular Admission — Don't Miss It!

## STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIALLY ADDED! CINEMASCOPE FEATURETTE  
THE NAT "KING" COLE MUSICAL STORY  
Print by Technicolor

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m.  
FOX TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m.

Leslie CARON  
Mel FERRER  
in  
"LILLY"  
An M.G.M. Picture  
in Technicolor

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
COLUMBIA TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.

Miss Hung Sin-nui  
in  
"SEARCH OF SCHOOL"  
A Chinese Picture  
in Eastman Color

At Reduced Prices

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# AN EX-GUARDS ADJUTANT IS NOW A PORTER

Many British Army regular officers are having to take unusual jobs since being forcibly retired as a result of Britain's policy of cutting down on her armed services.

Pictured here is one of them: 23-year-old Roger Wellesley-Smith, until last June adjutant of the 2nd Coldstream Guards—now a £7 10s a week porter at London's Paddington railway station.

After leaving the Army he had a string of interviews with directors, business executives and Government departments in his search for a job in civilian life.

Then a fellow Guards officer, finding him jobless and depressed, advised him to present himself to the station-master at Paddington.

His most embarrassing moment at Paddington: "My old commanding officer turned up at platform two with his wife, his batman and three sub-



Hid in a carriage

cases. I just could not face him. I dived into a carriage, to hide and let another porter take his baggage."—Express.

'It Just Fell From The Sky'

# THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE: NO ONE BELIEVES HER

London. FRAIL Miss Marie Browne sobbed as her Thing from Outer Space was brought back to earth with a bump. "No one believes me," she said.

"Why should I want to make it all up? Why should I want fame or notoriety?"

"An anonymous caller phoned me and said: 'Why don't you admit it was a hoax and have done with it?' I'm a frightened woman."

The Thing didn't even raise a bleep at the National History Museum.

But Dr G. F. Claringbull, the keeper of minerals, barked: "It has NOTHING to do with any space—except Dartmoor." It was, he said, a piece of granite.

But at Sunbury-on-Thames, where the Thing was said to have plunged into a nursery school playground, the six-year-old head plucked nervously at her handkerchief.

Then she grabbed the phone and rang up the museum to ask for her "molester" to be sent back. She said:

"It's no good them sending me anything—I have a secret mark on it."

Miss Browne stood in her dressing-gown. Her three poodles fussed round her feet.

Outside the infants romped and shouted.

And she wept again as she repeated her story of how the Thing arrived at 8 a.m. on Wednesday.

It just fell from the sky... it looked like a turnip... it was red hot... I phoned the Air Ministry.

"Why don't they believe me?" she said. I reminded her about the Dartmoor granite.

The teacher who claims she was once a nurse rolled up her sleeve and showed me a scar.

"It was the scar when I said I was tortured by the Nazis in Ravensbrück concentration camp. I was scarred on the back and arms."

"No one believed that either. They said it was lies and romancing. So I made a public statement that what I said was not true—but it was."

"In the past I have been in trouble with the police, but the authorities know all about that."

"I only hope this doesn't mean I shall lose my school and the children I have learned to love."

# After 200 Years £40,000 Art Turns Up In A Parcel

A MAN with a brown paper parcel under his arm walked into the British Museum and asked: "Can you identify these?"

The answer stirred the world of art to excitement—and surprised the owner.

For out of the brown paper came a bound volume of 68 drawings—landscape and tree studies by the Florentine painter Fra Bartolommeo (1475-1517), who worked with Raphael.

The volume troubles the known number of Bartolommeo's landscape drawings.

Sotheby's, who will auction the volume next month, put its value at a cautious £40,000.

When the monk Bartolommeo died (from eating too many figs) he bequeathed his drawings to a brother monk.

In the early eighteenth century a well-known Italian collector bought them. And in the bound volume now discovered is his coat of arms.

But in the binding, about that time, a false trail was laid. The drawings were attributed to Andrea del Sarto, a less-important Florentine painter.

As such they were sold to a British collector. The trail faded for 200 years.

In 1925 the present owner bought them in Ireland.

## Telegraphic Tabloids

Hermosa Beach, Calif. Firemen awakened early in the morning by cries of "fire!" tumbled from their beds to be met by clouds of billowing smoke.

After extinguishing the blaze, they began looking for the wise guy who heaved a smoking mop through the rear window of the fire station.—United Press.

★

Madison, Wis. Elroy Klose, head of the Madison school system music department, provided an unsuitable argument in convincing the school board to buy an oriental gong.

"You don't need it often," he said, "but when you do it makes a terrific sound."—United Press.

Duluth, Minn. The new autumn wardrobe sported by an ex-convict released from prison several days ago justifiably aroused suspicion.

He was wearing a pair of work clothes, two overcoats and three suits, all stolen from a clothing store.—United Press.



6th Floor, Windsor House.

Opening night applause approval!  
People are already saying:

GIANCARLO and his  
ITALIAN FLOORSHOW COMBO

Make dancing & listening a real pleasure.

Make it a point to drop in to-night  
If you're out for an evening of fun!

Paramount — where music & atmosphere  
blend like sparkling champagne!

For table reservations: Phone 37623, 24496.

## ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR CONDITIONED

TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY!

Marilyn Monroe  
Laurence Olivier  
in  
The Prince and the Showgirl

TECHNICOLOR • Presented by MURRAY CLOSE  
Produced and Screened by Laurence Olivier  
A Film by MURRAY CLOSE, PROD. BY M. & L. P. L.

Morning Show To-morrow  
At 12.30  
Judy Garland in  
"WIZARD OF OZ"

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

CARY GRANT DEBORAH KERR  
AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

CinemaScope  
Color by DE LUXE

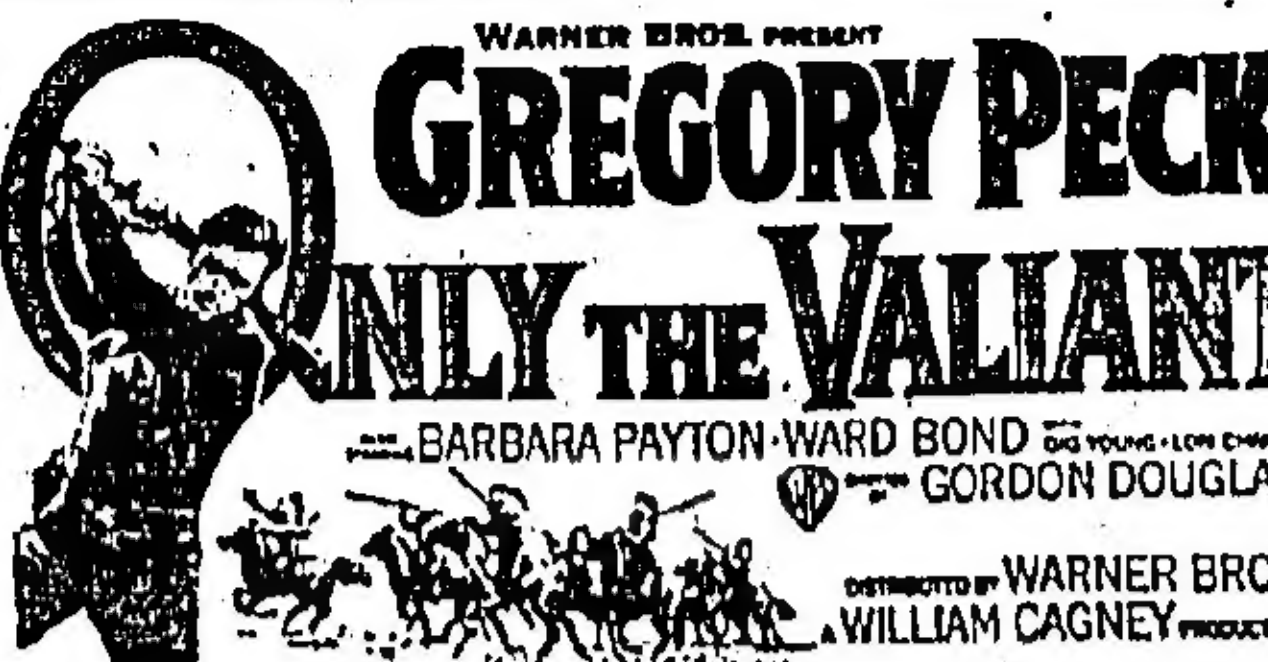
Morning Show To-morrow  
At 12.30  
"ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"

A Columbia Picture

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

• TO-DAY •



WARNER BROS. PRESENTS  
GREGORY PECK  
ONLY THE VALIANT  
BARBARA PAYTON WARD BOND BOB HOPE LEO GARY  
GORDON DOUGLAS  
DIRECTED BY WARNER BROS.  
WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION

• SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS •

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA  
At 11.30 a.m. At 11.00 a.m.  
Columbia presents  
"A SONG TO REMEMBER"  
Starring  
Morle Oberon • Paul Muni  
Cornel Wildo  
in Technicolor

"SAHARA"  
Humphrey Bogart  
in  
"SAHARA"

AT REDUCED PRICES.

## ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

YOU CAN'T THROW SO MANY YOUNG  
COUPLES TOGETHER AND NOT EXPECT EXPLOSIONS!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.  
20th Century-Fox presents in CinemaScope & Color  
"THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE"  
Starring: Van JOHNSON • Ruth ROMAN  
At Reduced Prices

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show  
At 11.00 a.m.  
Walt Disney's Technicolor Cartoons  
At Reduced Prices

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Walt Disney's Technicolor Cartoons  
At Reduced Prices

## HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 6048 60348

TO-DAY: AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



A GREAT STAR IN EVERY  
ROLE OF A GREAT WOMAN!  
★ GREGORY PECK  
★ AVA GARDNER  
★ MELVYN DOUGLAS  
★ WALTER HUSTON  
★ ETHEL BARRYMORE  
★ FRANK MORGAN  
★ AGNES MOOREHEAD  
Directed by ROBERT SIOGAARD  
Produced by GOTTFRID REINHARDT  
Dolby Stereo Sound System  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

HOOVER THEATRE  
Sunday, Nov. 17, 11.45  
An Indian Picture  
"PARISTAN"  
With English Subtitles  
Adm. \$3.50, \$2.40 & \$1.50

LIBERTY THEATRE  
Sunday, Nov. 17, 12.30  
Richard Widmark  
Mark Stevens in  
"STREET WITH NO NAME"  
Reduced Admission

## CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ROBERT RYAN ALDO RAY  
METEOR WAR

"One more  
step and  
I'll fill your  
guts with  
lead!"

To-morrow Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
Bud Abbott • Lou Costello in  
"MEET THE CAPTAIN KIDD"  
in Technicolor

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CHARLES CHAPLIN  
the gold rush

To-morrow Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
"WHERE IS ZAZA"



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## The Mystery Of The Windsor Castle Treasures

London. WHILE the Queen rode with Princess Anne in Windsor Great Park last week senior detectives of Scotland Yard were investigating the disappearance of valuable antiques from the State Apartments at Windsor Castle.

The inquiry has been going on since Thursday when servants at the castle, getting ready for the first royal week-end visit since early August, missed a number of articles.

### The Yard

A thorough search was made before it was decided to call in Scotland Yard. Chief Superintendent Perkins, the Queen's personal bodyguard, went to Cannon Row Police Station.

He spent 1½ hours with Detective Superintendent Owen McGrath, who is responsible for the investigation of any crime connected with the Royal household.

Both went to Buckingham Palace and talked to senior officials responsible for running royal establishments.

Superintendent McGrath was given a list of the missing articles. On Friday he went to Windsor Castle and was shown the rooms in which they had been kept.

Scotland Yard men then went to Buckingham Palace to report on their investigations so far.

The possibility that the missing articles might have been mislaid was considered. But detectives think it more likely that they have been stolen.

It could have been done either by someone visiting the castle or by a servant who had access to the Royal apartments.

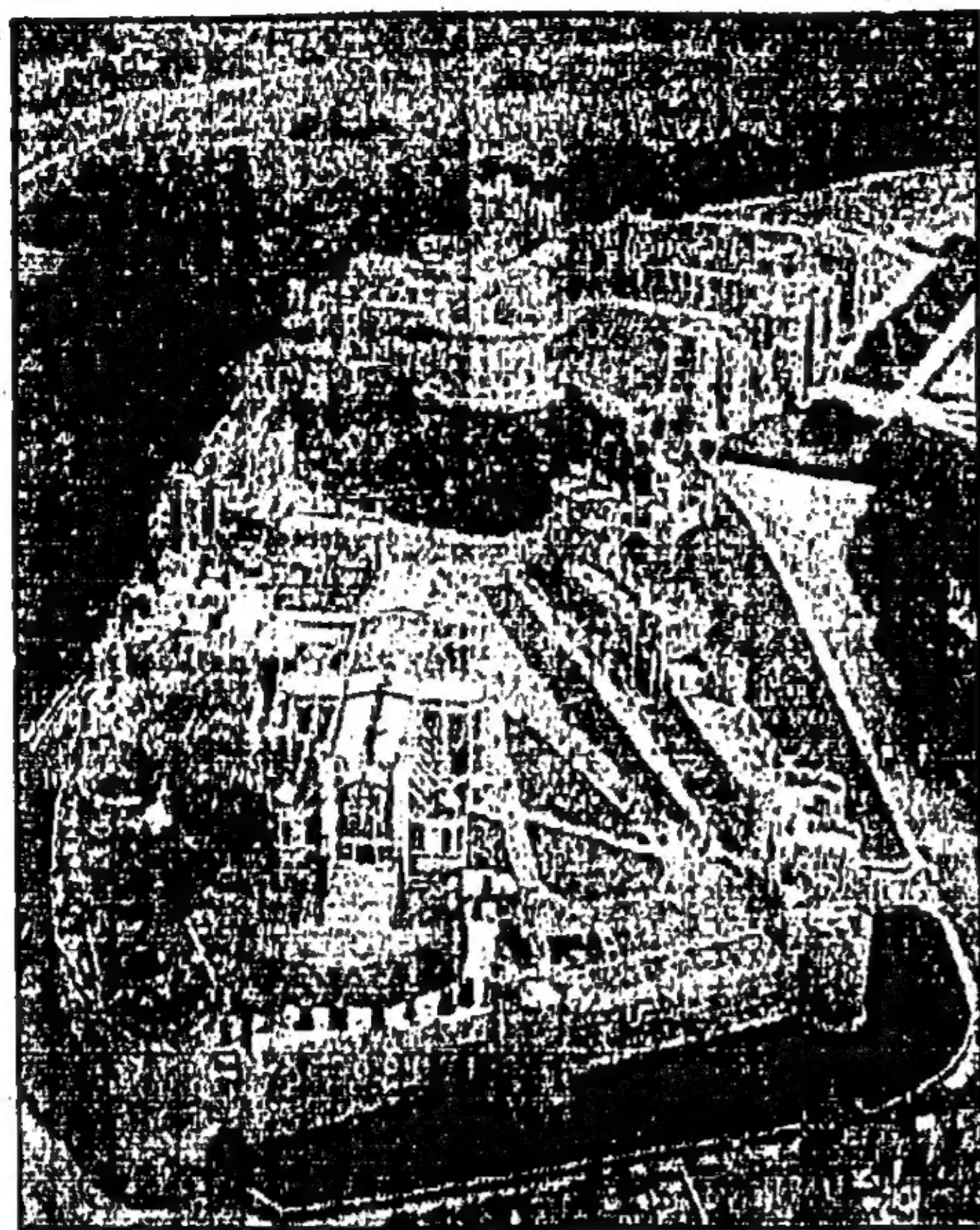
The affair remains a matter of confidence, and no details are available on the missing articles. But they are known to be valuable.

The official guide to Windsor Castle describes the State Apartments as being "a magnificent suite of rooms, sumptuously furnished and enriched by an historical collection of works of art of great interest."

### Antiques

It lists hundreds of valuable items including Minton china, suits of armour, the colours of disbanded regiments, antique furniture, fine tapestries, bronzes and marble busts, firearms, battle relics, and a vast collection of works of art.

Discreet inquiries have been made among well-known art dealers to discover whether any of the missing articles have been offered for sale.



## COWS NOW GIVE ELIXIR OF YOUTH TO THE AGED

Paris. The cow, which gives milk to babies and steaks to adults, is giving an elixir of youth to the aged.

Elderly patients at a Paris Hospital are finding new strength and buoyant spirits through injections of an extract from cow embryos, hospital authorities reported.

Physiologists Leon Binet and Colette Jannac-Tchernia of Necker Hospital reported on the elixir to the Academy of Science, France's most august scientific body.

"When we used the preparation on people weakened by great age, we were struck by a noticeable effect on their state of mind, by a happy effect on their muscular strength, and by a speeding-up of the rate of healing," they said.

### METABOLISM

The brief statement to the Academy of Science asserted that the serum raises the metabolism rate of the aged. That is, it helps them burn body fuel faster, thus giving them ready energy.

Other beneficial effects were noted in the composition of the blood. As the body grows

old, the composition of the blood tends to change. Binet and Mme Jannac-Tchernia report that their serum makes old blood young again.

Preparation of the extract is a painstaking process that begins with the removal of the cow's uterus, and extraction of the embryo.

The embryo is crushed, and the pulp is turned into a fluid in a mixing machine. All the while the embryonic matter is kept cold to preserve its chemical structure.

Then, except for the addition of antiseptic to kill possible bacteria, the extract is ready for injection into old and flagging bodies.

Any alchemist in search of the elixir of youth could have made it.

### POWERFUL

But does it all the alchemist's bill of what an elixir of youth should do? It does not turn silver hair golden. It does not iron wrinkled foreheads smooth.

But the indications are that it restores flagging spirits and sagging muscles, that it makes the blood redder and sends it coursing faster through the veins, and that it speeds the powers of recovery.

In the guarded language of the scientists who discovered the extract: "The facts seem to demonstrate clearly the favourable and powerful effect of embryonic therapy on men growing old."

"We unhesitatingly conclude that the human body worn out by age benefits by the injection of embryonic extract."—United Press.

### Just Hiding

Detroit. Cristobal Hernandez, 24, told the judge that police found him in the main office of the Belle Isle Zoo early on morning because he was hiding from robbers.—United Press.

## THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable

**Gordon's**  
Standards Supreme

Sole Distributors: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED



A wear-with-all nylon tricot half-slip with a wide hem of permanent pleating.

In pastel pinks, blues, greens, and in white, violet, and mimosa yellow.

Available at:

Lane, Crawford, Ltd., Hong Kong  
Bally Glen, Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon

## Two Cats Whirled To Death, £50 Fine

London. Cats Blackie and Shirley were the pets of the malthouse. Employees fed them daily. Then they vanished.

A stunned court listened last week to an RSPCA solicitor tell how they met their deaths. "They were put into a chute feeding a barley-crushing machine."

"It was like putting them into a mincing machine and turning the handle," said Mr Derrick Thomas.

"There was no way out for them. They were carried down from the first floor to the ground floor, back up, and down again after passing through a whirling conveyor and a series of elevators."

"In addition to these sufferings, they were choked by the barley."

### STROKED IT

Before the court, at Cirencester, was Anthony Samuel Gibson, 17, formerly a labourer at the malthouse, now a £50-a-week night porter at a London night club.

He told what happened on his second day at work. "A cat came into the room. I picked it up and stroked it, but it scratched my arm. I lost my temper and threw it into the chute and went on shovelling barley into it."

An hour later the second cat came in. "I picked it up and threw that down the chute."

"I was just playing around. I did not realise what was going on until afterwards. If I had known I wouldn't have done it."

Gibson, of Oakley Road, Cirencester, was fined the maximum £50 for causing unnecessary suffering and put on probation while he pays the fine by weekly instalments. He was given a year to pay.

Said the chairman, Mr W. I. Croome: "We hope no one will interfere with this decision by paying the fine." He called Gibson's action terrible, wicked, and horrible.

## Yes Sir, That's My Baby

### First Baby Rhino To Be Born At Whipsnade

London. BRITAIN'S most exclusive baby cantered clumsily into the sunshine at Whipsnade last week.

She is no beauty, but 20 photographers snapped her as she raised her long grey snout and grunted.

For Bettimoh (that's what the Zoo think they'll call her) is the only rhinoceros ever born here.

Both her father, Mohan, and her mother, Mohini, came from Assam. And Bettimoh is short for "daughter of Mohini" in Hindustani.

### BLOCK-HOUSE

She was born in an electrically heated concrete house a week ago. By the time she emerged last week she had put on 10lb, said 62-year-old keeper Albert Rogers.

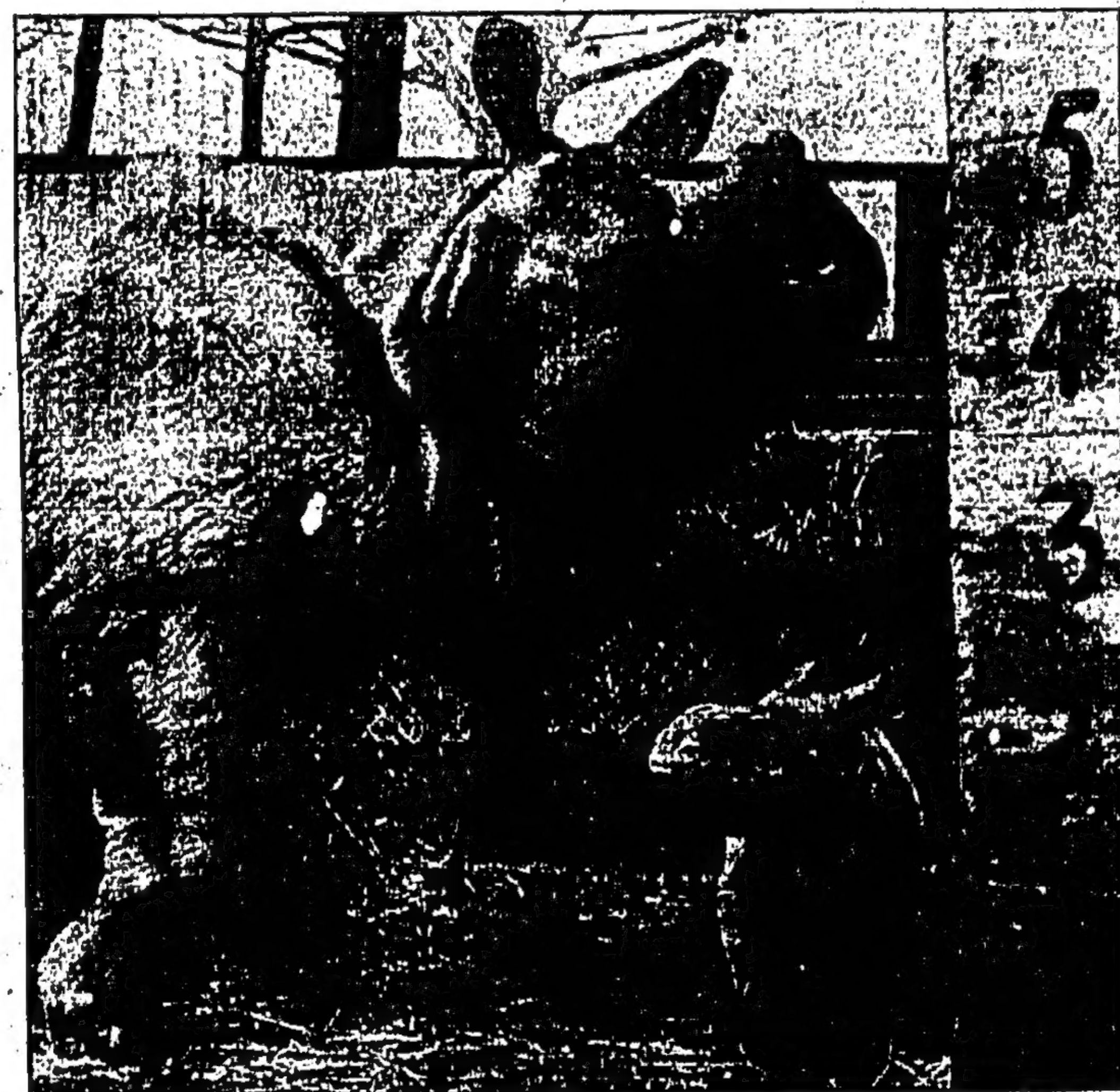
The baby is a 2ft-high replica of her 5ft, three-ton mother. The only difference—no sign of a horn.

But the wrinkles across her neck and back are identical, even to the comic "plus-four" effect on her hind legs.

The calf is, potentially, the most valuable zoo animal in the country.

If she can survive the next few months Mr E. H. Tong, the superintendent, expects her to be worth more than Mohini, who cost £2,200.

Mohini seems to be the perfect mother, but she must not be upset. One careless movement of her ponderous feet could mean death to the infant.



Bettimoh—Britain's most exclusive baby looks around.

Even Mohan, in the next enclosure, is being kept out of sight.

The calf's arrival was no accident. Only once before has one been born in captivity—in Switzerland last year.

### HORMONE

Mr Tong studied the methods of the Swiss zoologists and planned a similar event at Whipsnade. Mohan even had hormone treatment.

"It will be something like a year before our calf is weaned," he told me, "but we know so little about rearing them that we'll have to learn as we go along."

### Chief Alcoholic

Grand Rapids. To hear nine-year-old Philip Billey tell it, you'd think his father was the town drunk.

George Billey was recently named Director of the Grand Rapids Alcoholism Centre. Philip, when asked by this teacher for his father's occupation, answered:

"My father is the chief alcoholic in Grand Rapids."—United Press.

## THEY WANT A CARRIAGE FOR TWO

London. A young invalid couple said their marriage is going on the rocks because they cannot get a powered wheel chair built for two.

Douglas and Rose Brown, both 25, each have an "invalid carriage," supplied by the Ministry of Pensions. Invalid carriages are powered, single-seated open vehicles.

But Rose's carriage is electrically driven, and its ten miles-an-hour top speed is too slow for Douglas's gasoline driven one.

### TURNED DOWN

Douglas said, "Going out together in these two carriages is useless. It is ruining our married life."

The Ministry has turned down their appeal for a two-seater carriage because of "the cost and other difficulties."

Douglas has offered to pay the running costs if the Ministry will let them trade in the two carriages—total cost £700—for a two-seater model which would cost about £400.—United Press.

## TALLY HO! IT'S ALL-OUT WAR ON THOSE FOXES

Melbourne. BRIGHT lights are sweeping Victorian sheep-grazing paddocks, alarm bells are ringing, high wire-netting fences are being built.... It is all part of the farmers' war on the fox.

People brought foxes and rabbits from England to Australia in the last century because they thought it would be fun to hunt foxes and eat rabbits.

But the rabbits spread rapidly in their new land and did so much damage that farmers

spent much of their time hunting rabbits—helped by the foxes. Now myxomatosis has done away with all but the hardiest of the rabbits and hungry foxes have begun to attack young lambs for food.

Because wool is one of the Empire's biggest dollar earners, Australia has begun an all-out war on foxes. It is a no-holds-barred war, too. Foxes can be shot, trapped, or poisoned.

Many sheep station owners have installed the flashing lights to

frighten the foxes, today, farmers are paying big money to professional fox hunters—and they don't wear pink coats and blow hunting horns. They have found that ringing bells don't alarm sheep—but they do scare sly foxes away.

With lambs worth £7 a head, Sheep and Wool Advisory Board officer Bill Geary has been ordered to investigate the fox menace as a full-time job.

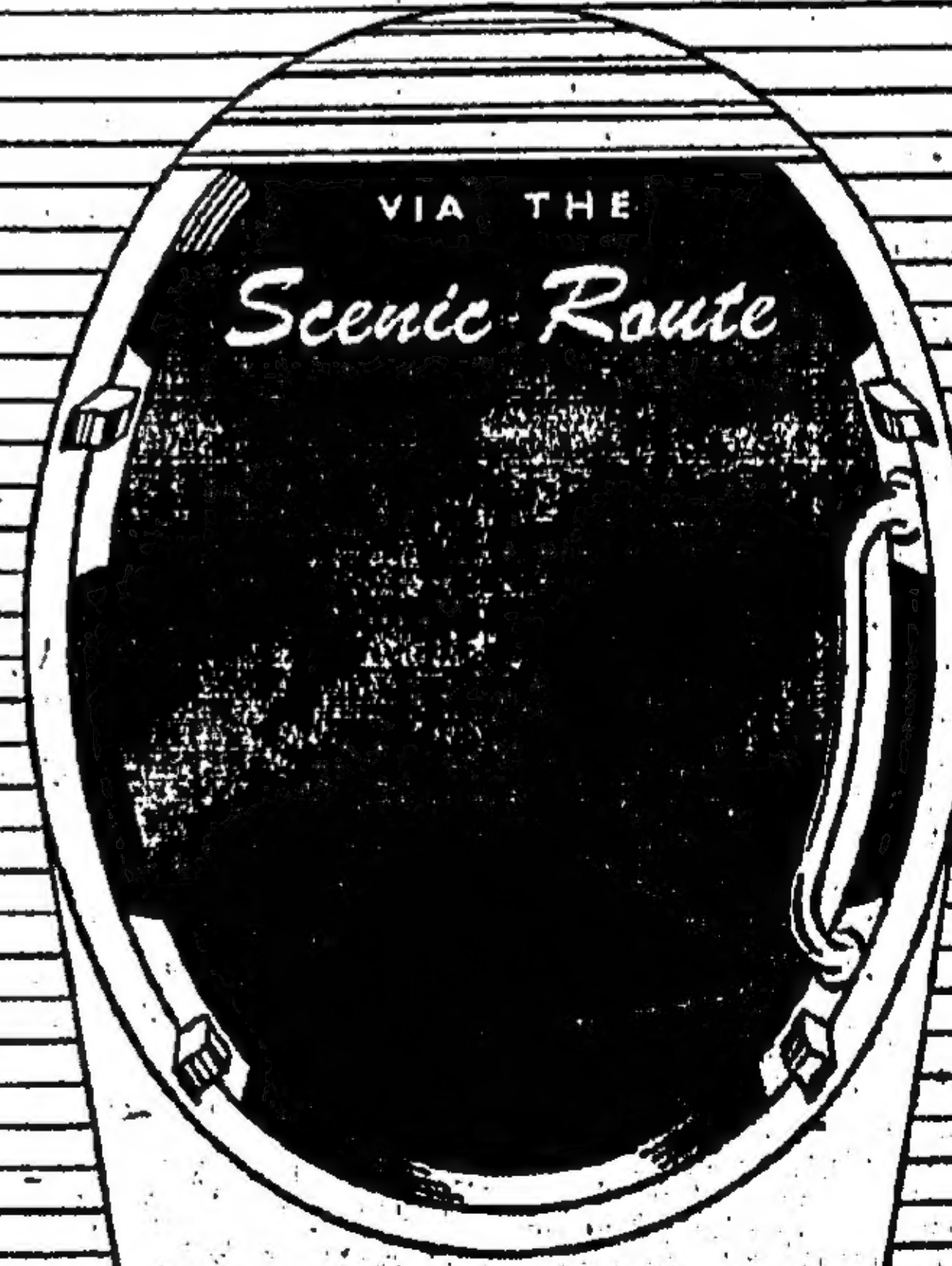
One idea he is working on is to paint the young lambs with a

strong-smelling compound foxes dislike—but the problem is to find the smell.

Fences are little use either, apart from the expense of fencing vast Australian sheep stations, because foxes can jump 10ft fences if they are hungry enough.

Some local councils are solving the problem by putting a price of 7s. 6d. on every fox's brush. It might not do for the English hunt, but this Australian business is out in force.

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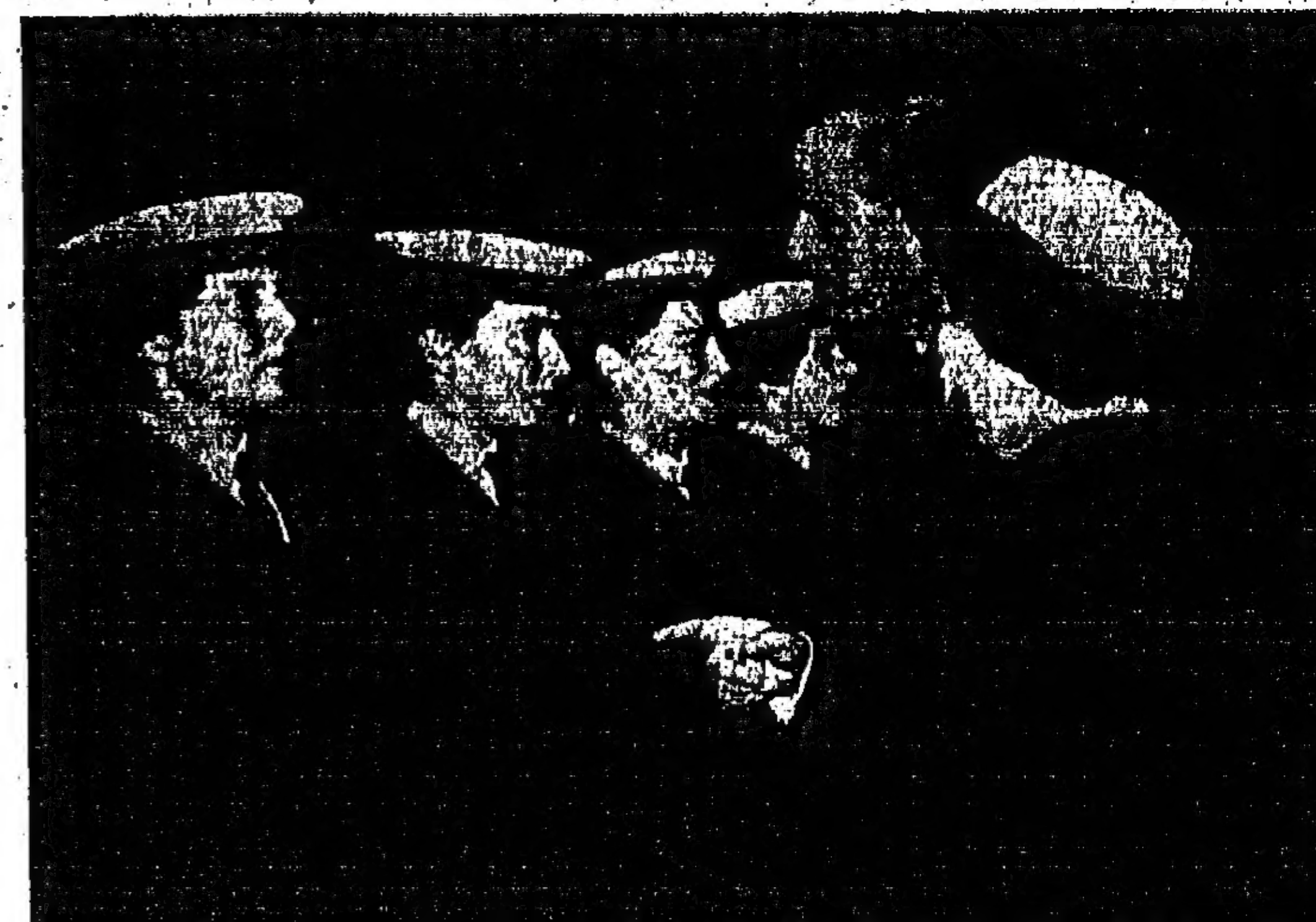


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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



"It baffles me how the Navy ever got on without them," said Prince Philip as he completed the conquest of 3,250 Wrens and ex-Wrens at the Festival Hall.

LEFT: At the Royal Film Show, the Queen and Tommy Steele. EXPRESS



The Marquess of Milford Haven, and the Model—latest partner at parties is 'Sharmini' Tirucnelvam from Ceylon.

EXPRESS

LEFT: Light hearted workmen demolishing London's famous Stoll Theatre in Kingsway—scene of Porgy and Bess, Ice Shows, and outsize entertainment—started the 77 bus queue with unusual travellers, the theatre's plaster statuette.

GENERAL

RIGHT: Closer links in Europe and military changes mentioned by Mr Macmillan brings N.A.T.O.'s Secretary-General Paul Henry Spaak to London.

EXPRESS



Picture in Paris... to which 11-year-old Timothy Goss went off alone to visit Fernande Roderigue (centre), the 20-year-old French girl who had stayed with his family in London for a year. The small boy with no baggage just walked onto the train at Victoria, through the customs. No one spoke to him. At Paris he was picked up by the police and, next morning, passed on to Fernande and her sisters through the British Embassy!

BELOW: Britain's latest: the Fairey Rotodyne, world's first vertical take-off airliner; and the fourth production fuselage of De Havilland's Intercontinental Comet IV, being towed to the equipment bay.

EXPRESS



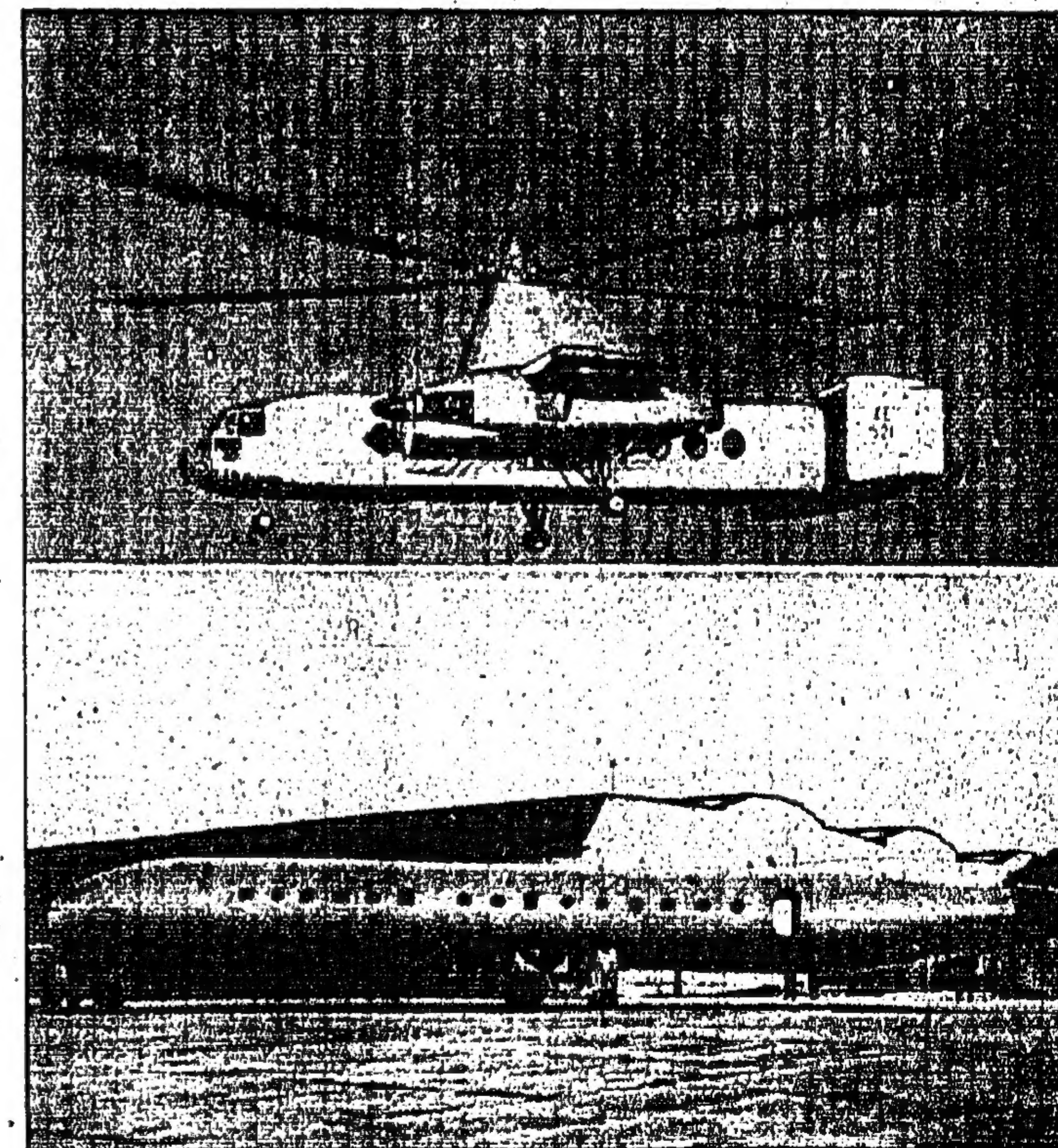
This parade is the annual administrative inspection of the General-Officer commanding the Household Brigade, Major-General J.N.R. Moore seen with the Scots Guards Pipers at Chelsea Barracks.

ARMY NEWS



The biggest dividend in the history of Football Pools—34-year-old Mrs Nellie McGrail collects £205,800 from comedian Norman Wisdom in exchange for her 2d bet.

LEFT: Cricketer Godfrey Evans waves £1,000 won in a TV show. His specialty—jewellery. On the show were (from left) Jim Laker, David Sheppard, Denis Compton, and England soccer captain Johnny Haynes. EXPRESS



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



## ROWNTREES



THE CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT



ZANIES OF THE RING-6

By Gilbert Odd

# Two Ton Tony

IN all boxing history there has never been a zanier fighter than "Two-Ton" Tony Galento, the rotund Jerseyite who bally-hooed himself into a title fight with the great Joe Louis and earned a fortune.

Believe me, Galento had no right in the ring with the Brown Bomber or any other boxer for that matter. He broke all the rules, both in and out of the ring; never trained except in his own fantastic fashion, yet set up an amateur record of wins on sheer strength and guts.

Galento knew how to wield a powerful left hook, but he was also a past master in gouging, butting, and general mauling, with elbow, wrist, and lace-work thrown in for good measure.

The ugliest, bloodiest, dirtiest brawl ever antiquated in a contest under Marquis of Queensberry rules was Galento's fight with Lou Nova.

What they did to each other was nobody's business, but they were hardly recognisable at the finish. The referee stopped it in the fourteenth round when Nova was blinded and on the point of collapse.

When someone suggested that the fight with Nova had been somewhat rough, Tony roared: "Rough! We had a nice fight. If Nova had trained on beer like I do, he'd have lasted longer." Tony was shaped like a barrel and he really believed that drinking beer copiously gave him the strength and stamina to fight.

Actually he was a bone-lazy man, who hated the very idea of exercising. He was a great believer in letting nature take its course, so he stuffed himself with food, washed it down with beer, smoked his cigars, and left the rest to chance.

He liked nothing better than to lean on his bar, a quart of foaming beer at his elbow, a large cigar in his mouth, and to yawn with his customers, telling them how he beat so-and-so and what he would do with his next opponent.

For besides everything else Tony was a braggart. When he wound up his disparaging remarks about another fighter with the famous words: "I'll molder da bum," he really meant it.

And if he didn't actually "molder" his opponents, he tried his level best. He would walk straight in to hook and swing, paying no heed whatever to defence, and once he had got to close-quarters it

was all-in stuff until the opposition caved in.

Lugging out the huge cubes of ice and carrying them on his broad shoulders, into houses, shops, restaurants, and hotels, built up a powerful physique.

His love of eating and drinking packed on pounds of fat whenever there was room. But it didn't lessen Tony's strength or ability to fight when it was necessary.

In New Jersey, they tried more than once to oust Galento from his territory, but the thugs never solved the problem of his deadly left hook or his street-fighting technique.

When he wasn't heaving ice about, Tony liked to go into the local gym and work off his excess energy on the big bag. He'd get there late and never seemed to tire.

As an amateur Galento was a holy terror, and won so many wrist watches that his father, mother, and multitude of brothers and sisters could wear one on each wrist, and he still had a drawer full.

Finally the New Jersey clubs politely suggested that Tony should turn professional, so at 20 he began to toss punches for pay and liked it a lot better.

He still worked hard on his ice round and even harder in the gym. But soon he was picking up substantial purses and was able to buy a motor-truck and pay others to hump the ice blocks.

The less Galento worked the more he ate and drank, and the larger he got. The fans would roar with derision when he peeled off his dressing-gown and they saw rolls of fat hanging over the waistband of his knickers.

But they liked the colourful way he fought and the fact that he kept winning. They would hoot and boo at Tony for his dirty tactics, but they admired his powers of endurance and his ability to soak up punishment and absorb pain.

All right, he was a freak. But a freak who was going places, although when he told newspaper men that he wanted to fight Joe Louis for the title everyone was helpless with laughter.

But Tony was serious and he could afford to let them laugh. When he told newspaper boys that he would "molder da bum" they gave him headlines, and his newly-acquired bar-room in New Jersey was packed all day.

Jack Dempsey came to see him. He brought the famous American trainer Ray Arzel along and they told Tony they could take him to the top, but he would have to cut out his present style of easy living.

"Come out to my Montana ranch," said the old Manassu Mauler. "Ray will soon take a few stones off you and you'll feel good without the beer and cigars."

"Aw, nuts," answered Galento. "Don't ask me to do dat, Jack. No booze? Why dat's



Tony in a low crouch bobbed around the ring as Joe schemed out a way to beat his unorthodox challenger.

plain stooped. Booze makes me feel good, I don't feel da punches when I'm full of beer."

Dempsey walked away in disgust. "You'll never get a title the way you're living," he said.

But Tony did. He continued to win his fights, usually in a few rounds, leaving a battered wreck of a fighter on the ring floor.

As one by one the recognised challengers were belted out, Tony automatically moved nearer a title shot with Louis. Then he made a smart move by letting Joe Jacobs manage his affairs.

It was Joe who had won the world's championship for Max Baer, and when the German went down from a body blow by Jack Sharkey in 1936.

Jacobs could see it was useless to try and change Tony's ideas about training, or alter his mode of living. But he could see that, with the right propaganda, Galento could be steered into a Louis fight.

So he not only let Tony go his own sweet way, but encouraged him and gave out highly imaginary stories to the press. Soon Galento was photographed doing his downward from a Rolls-Royce, while his "sparring partners" puffed along.

Most of the training time was spent in his bar where Tony boasted that he drank 25 pints a day and smoked a dozen big cigars.

That was too much for the Boxing Commission. They sent for Galento and told him that his clowning was hurting the fight game and if he didn't mend his ways he would be put under suspension.

Tony thumbed his button nose to the Commissioners, then got himself photographed drinking milk through a straw and sucking a sugar-stick in place of his usual cigar.

So they slapped a suspension on both manager and fighter but lifted it soon afterwards.

Less than three months earlier Mann had stayed three rounds with Joe Louis. He looked just

the man to deal drastically with "Two-Ton" Tony; he was big and strong enough to burst the Galento bubble, they thought.

But it was all over in two rounds, with Mann counted out. And when Tony followed this amazing success by knocking out other Louis victims—Harry Thomas, Jorge Brescia, and Mattie Brown—all in quicker time than it had taken the Brown Bomber to beat them, no one could deny Galento a title chance.

Overnight the barrel-shaped slugger became a national figure. Galento was so swept up in the general New Jersey enthusiasm he allowed himself to be taken off to a proper training camp. But he was back home in three days.

"All dat fresh air was making me feel ill," he protested. "I train best on city smoke."

One night before the big event he was returning from a night-club, very late and very full of beer, when he was confronted by four tough-looking men who demanded to know where he was going.

"You look suspicious," said one, advancing in front of the others. Tony was scared that this was a hold-up.

He let fly with a left hook, and next moment he was slumping wide-legged with his back to the wall taking on the other three.

There were black eyes and bloody noses. Then one man drew a gun. "You're under arrest," he shouted. "We're police officers." Galento was taken to the station.

Fortunately for Tony the man on duty at the charge desk was a fight fan who recognized him. "These men are reinforcements for the big fight," he said. "They didn't know you and you should have told them you were. Now what are we going to do?"

"Would you fellows like to see me molder dat bum Louis?" asked Galento. The injured

police men tenderly felt their bruises and accepted his offer and one of them escorted Tony home.

And what a fight he gave the Brown Bomber!

Thirty-five thousand frenzied fans gawked their way into the Yankee Stadium that night to see if "Two-Ton" Tony could bring off a million-to-one shot and beat the great Joe Louis.

The Brown Bomber, at 180 lbs., weighed 14st. 4lb. Galento, pedig and as out of condition as any man could be, scaled 10st. 9lb., and was the shorter by five inches.

Everyone in the vast arena knew that the Jersey beer-barrel was practically committing suicide; that to go into the ring as he was against a fighting machine like Louis was tantamount to walking the plank off a pirate ship.

Everyone, that is, except Tony. At least he knew that it would have to be a short fight if he was going to win.

So from the opening bell he bowed into the Brown Bomber, taking those sharp-shooting jabs on his broad face and letting Joe's lethal rights go sizzling across his bald head.

Then he let go his first left hook. It was a trifle too high, but hard enough to send Louis staggering off balance and shake him up.

"After him, Tony," roared the excited fans, and adopting a very low crouch Galento worked his way round the Bomber, then leapt in to hook again.

The champion was alert now, but he had a job to pinpoint his smaller opponent, who bobbed around to make Louis miss and then jumped in with a hook on swing to the body.

The spectators could scarcely breathe through the first and second rounds. There was a tenseness as Joe, fully recovered from that early shock, schemed out a way to beat his unorthodox challenger. And then—in the third round—Tony almost brought off that million-to-one shot. Very nearly made good his promise to "molder da bum."

Ducking a right from the champ, he sent his left whistling towards Joe's chin. There was everything behind that clenched fist as it described its swift arc.

Over he rolled to his hands and knees and then got up as the referee was conducting Galento to a neutral corner.

Only "two" had been called, then the referee signalled them to "box on." In went Galento for the "kill," urged on by the screaming multitude.

But Louis, in the tradition of a true champion, stood his ground and boxed off the challenger with stinging blows from either hand that had Tony groggy at the bell.

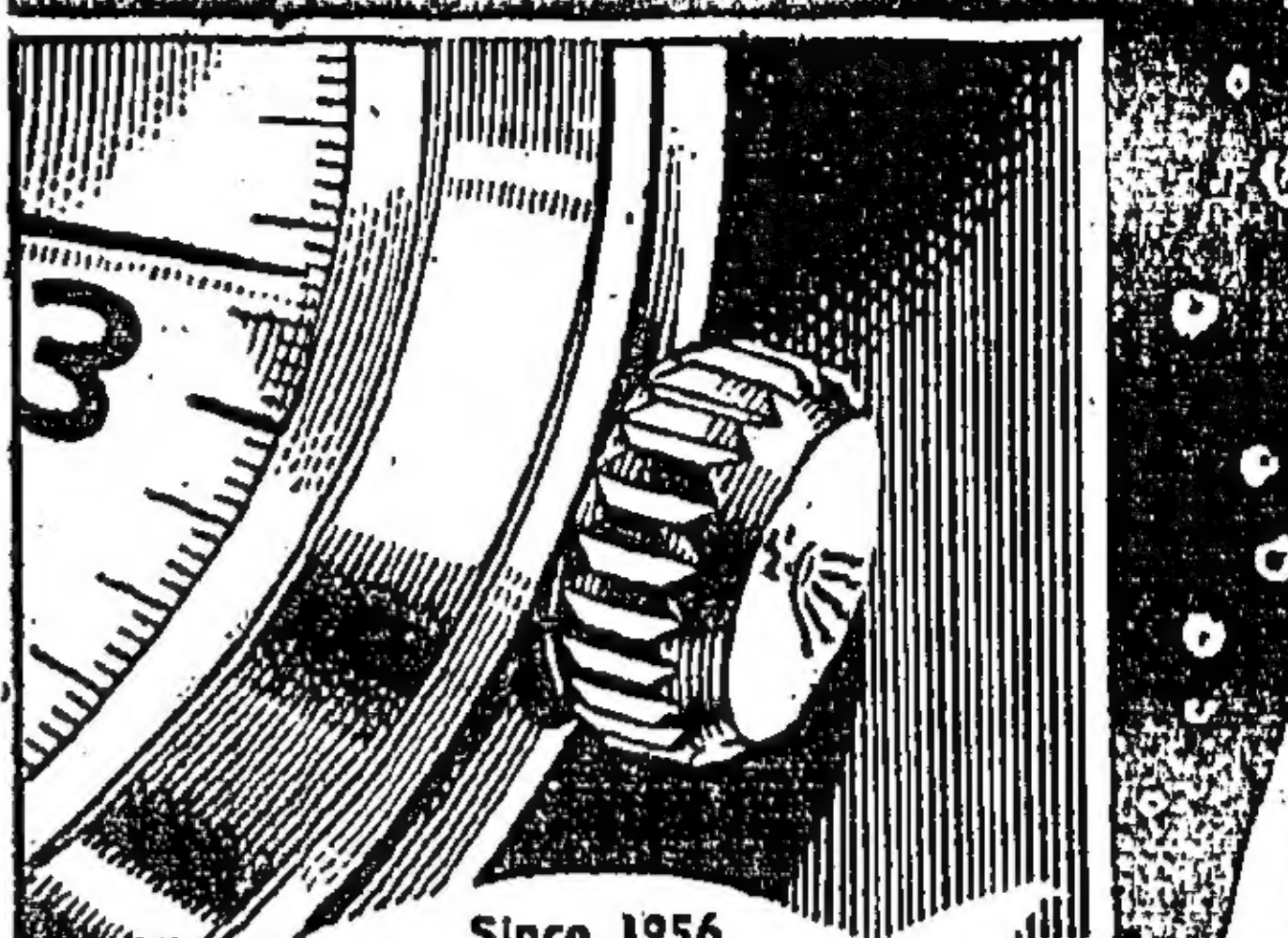
The fourth round was "molder" but not for Louis. With calculating ruthlessness, he hammered Tony with every punch in the book.

Gamely Galento fought back until, with his features cut to ribbons and his fat body pounded to jelly, he collapsed against the ropes and the referee mercifully called a halt.

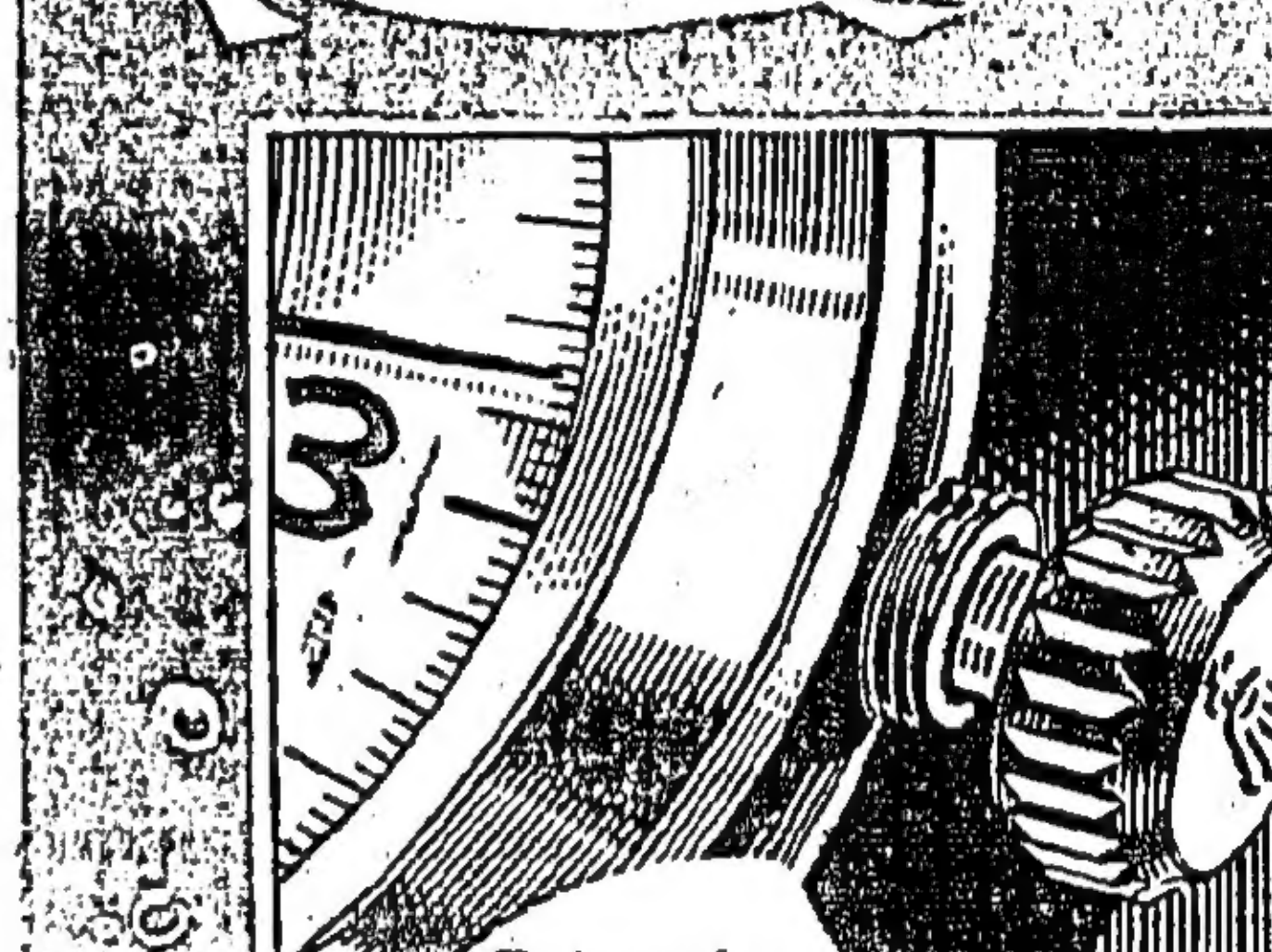
The gamest zanie had shot his bolt.

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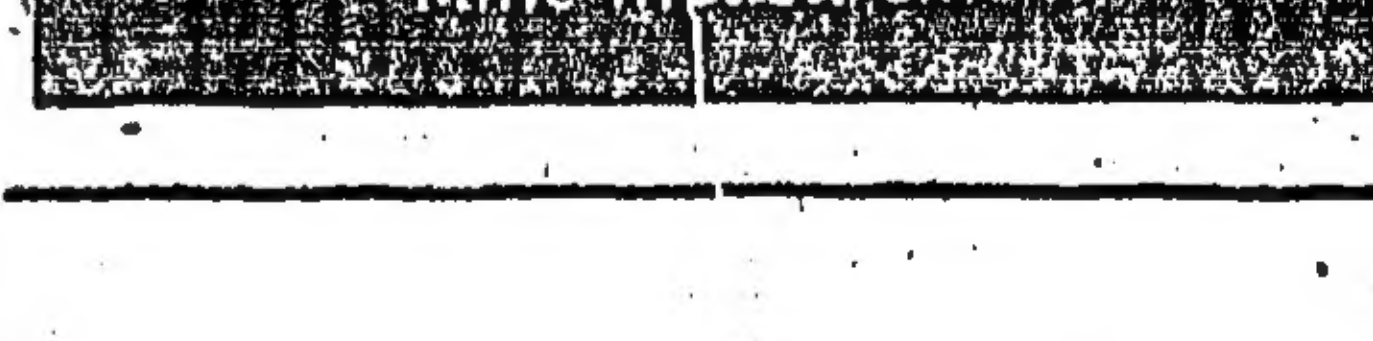


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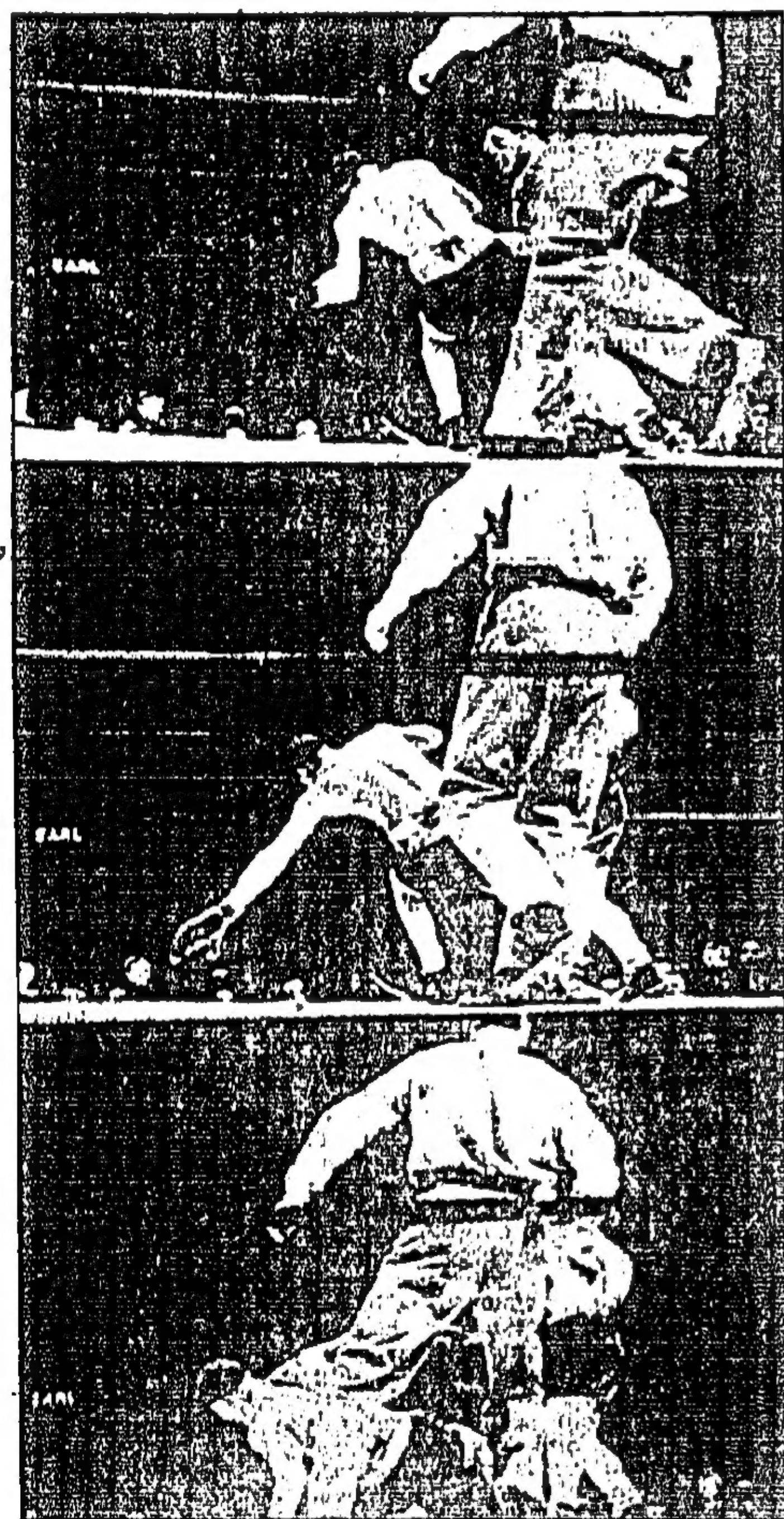
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The gamest zanie had shot his bolt.



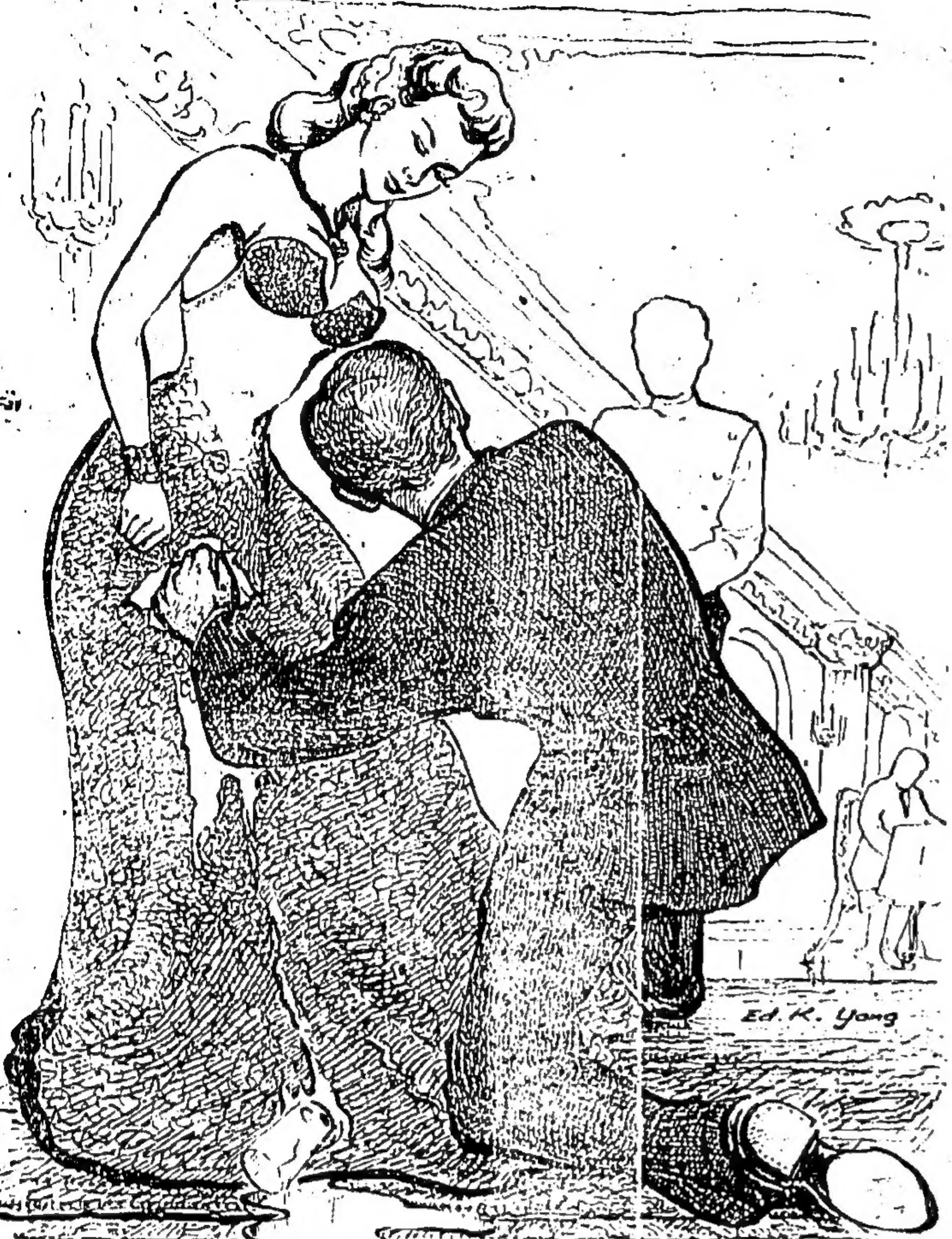
The lights blazed for Louis as it landed.



"Not the least objection to women in the House of Lords is arriving at one's club looking like an informal beauty parlour."



# The Duchess of Nathan Road



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TWENTY-FIVE years ago I was sent down from Oxford and sent out to Hongkong. A distant relation found me a job in the Hongkong branch of his import and export business. I held the job for six months, but after going on a more than usually exuberant rampage, I found myself out on the street with a month's salary in my pocket.

I celebrated this event by putting my fist through the office window, that's why I still have this scar from thumb to wrist.

The next few months were tough going. I tried out everything in my determination not to be sent home. One or two of the racketeers I got into interested the authorities, so I determined it was time to sober up.

I managed to land a job with an American Shipping Line whose headquarters were in San Francisco, and soon began to get promotion. Eventually, I was the local manager, and that is why on this particular day, I was sitting in the Hotel Splendide waiting for the newly appointed General Manager to drop in from San Francisco.

The hell-boy brought him straight to my table. We shook hands and I asked him what he would like to drink. He settled for a coffee, so I ordered a coffee also. While we were sipping it, I asked the conventional question: had he been in Hongkong before?

His eyes twinkled behind his glasses; he reminded me of an owl about to tell a smoking-room story. "Oh yes! Indeed I have. Let me see, it must be fully twenty-five years ago. But I have a good memory. They've altered the place a bit, but I think I could still find my way around. And," he added, "I never forget a face."

I shuffled my feet. "You must find such a memory useful, Sir."

I found the silence rather embarrassing. "Do you remember much of your last trip here?" He said, "If you will order some more of this unusually insipid coffee, I will tell you about it."

His name was Robert Elmore, and as the son of the owner of the Shipping Line, it was decided that he should retain the job on the way. He did everything you could do on a passenger ship from washing dishes to playing the saxophone in the ship's band.

His first trip brought him to Hongkong for three days, when he decided to stay ashore for a night or so.

He booked a room at the Hotel Splendide although he would have preferred to stay at a more gaudy and cheaper place a block away, but he was afraid his father would get to hear about it.

He said he was sitting in the lounge of the Splendide when he saw an exquisite blonde at the next table across the aisle. She was by no means a dumb dizzy blonde for she had immense dignity. She summoned the hotel servants with a grand manner, and although she was drinking only milk, her manner was that of one used to issuing royal edicts.

Elmore admitted he was fascinated. He gave her a few glances, but if she noticed them, she ignored them. He decided to go to his room before she called the management.

On the way, he had to pass her table, and before he realised it, the glass of milk had landed

and crept up a dirty old stairway. They entered a dimly lighted room where an evil looking Chinese sat sucking at a pipe. Elmore wished he'd postponed this adventure until his next trip.

Elmore accepted a cup of tea from a Chinese girl, and sipped it while the dirty old man prepared a pipe for him. He took

in her lap. He was terribly surprised because he wasn't aware he was so near her. He took out his handkerchief and was mopping here and mopping there, while half a dozen boys were twittering around like sparrows.

Meanwhile the blonde stood in the midst of it all like an outraged Empress. At last he dared to make the following proposal. That the escort her to her apartment. That he make good the damage he had caused to her dress. She listened in dignified silence, but finally permitted him to call a cab, and they drove together to one of the shabby little streets at the back of the hotel.

They entered a bijou apartment, and there began for Elmore two days in wonderland. She was not so modest as Elmore had at first supposed for while she changed her dress, she left her bedroom door ajar, and every now and again, Elmore saw reflected in a mirror the most provoking reflections.

She introduced herself as Mrs. Papusky, and she was no less than a Grand Duchess from the court of His late Majesty, the King of Balkannania. To prove this, she showed Elmore a photograph which portrayed her wearing several yards of pearls, and a coronet, and little else besides.

Furthermore, she phoned her friends, and when they arrived, they addressed her as "Your Royal Highness" and referred to her as "The Grand Duchess."

The party went so well that Elmore forgot all about his duties. He called it "getting to know the world." He added that the rate the Grand Duchess and her friends ate Caviar and drank Vodka would have caused a revolution in America, let alone Balkannania.

So passed the day, and the night was a montage of gaudy night-clubs, exotic perfumes and scented sheets. The next day, somewhere towards noon, Elmore and the Duchess breakfasted together amid the delightful intimacy of feathered pillows and scattered cushions.

The Duchess asked Elmore what he intended to do, when he would sail, how her heart would break when he left, and how much money he had left. Elmore told her he would have to return to the ship in case the Captain reported his absence to his father. That he sailed the following morning. That Elmore's heart was also near breaking at the thought of leaving her. And that he had five hundred dollars left. And, as an afterthought, he added he would like to see an opium dive before he left Hongkong.

The Grand Duchess frowned at this, but said that it could be arranged at a price. Also, that it was slightly illegal. That evening, the Grand Duchess met Elmore at the dock where they picked up a cab, and after a bewildering drive around Kowloon, they stopped before a mean looking house

most daybreak. He bent down to fasten his shoelace. Tucked in his shoe he found a hundred dollar bill rolled up in a note. He took it to the window to read it the better. It read: "Hard luck pal. This should see you through. Never trust a Grand Duchess."

Elmore sighed. "So here I am right back where I started from twenty-five years ago. I am also looking for a Chinese man, with light blue eyes."

I put on my sun glasses. "Also he has a neat scar on his right hand from the thumb to the wrist." I put my hands in my pockets.

We stared at each other across the table for fully a minute. At last, I was unable to bear the suspense any longer. I said, "Well, I can write you out a cheque for five hundred dollars, but I suppose you want my resignation as well?"

He leaned across the table. "Good gracious no!" he said,

may have to make their name known in preference to shining in island politics where they are already known. It is not only a gamble in reputation; it can also be a question of money. For example, can a politician who holds ministerial office in one of the islands sacrifice his job for the chance of becoming a minister in the Federation? One thing is certain: it will cost more to enter federal politics than to stay in public life in the islands. It will mean, if not two homes, at least a pied-a-terre in Trinidad.

It is in problems of this sort that the advice and influence of the Governor-General can be invaluable. As it is to be hoped that his persuasive powers will result in someone like Mr. Norman Manley or Sir Grantley Adams steering the Federation into smooth waters.

The danger is that, if federal politics are left to "second-raters," the Federation itself will come to be regarded as "second-rate"—second to the component parts; and not only in local opinion but in the eyes of the world.

The other headache is money. Unlike most other federations, this one has very limited financial resources. For the first five years, the federal government is to get its revenue from profits on the currency issue, and from a mandatory levy on the island governments. From this latter will be deducted any sums raised by the federal government through customs and excise duties which it will have

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We stared at each other across the table for fully a minute. At last, I was unable to bear the suspense any longer. I said, "Well, I can write you out a cheque for five hundred dollars, but I suppose you want my resignation as well?"

He leaned across the table. "Good gracious no!" he said,

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It is in problems of this sort that the advice and influence of the Governor-General can be invaluable. As it is to be hoped that his persuasive powers will result in someone like Mr. Norman Manley or Sir Grantley Adams steering the Federation into smooth waters.

The danger is that, if federal politics are left to "second-raters," the Federation itself will come to be regarded as "second-rate"—second to the component parts; and not only in local opinion but in the eyes of the world.

The other headache is money. Unlike most other federations, this one has very limited financial resources. For the first five years, the federal government is to get its revenue from profits on the currency issue, and from a mandatory levy on the island governments. From this latter will be deducted any sums raised by the federal government through customs and excise duties which it will have

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most daybreak. He bent down to fasten his shoelace. Tucked in his shoe he found a hundred dollar bill rolled up in a note. He took it to the window to read it the better. It read: "Hard luck pal. This should see you through. Never trust a Grand Duchess."

Elmore sighed. "So here I am right back where I started from twenty-five years ago. I am also looking for a Chinese man, with light blue eyes."

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## JAY ELLE

Introduces the first of our short story series  
— Hongkong writers write about Hongkong

## NO SINECURE for Lord Hailes

BY HAROLD JAMES

WHEN Lord Hailes was appointed first Governor-General of a federated West Indies, some of his critics said he could not have distinguished between Trinidad and Timbuctoo. It may have been true; but he will live to confound them.

Since his appointment he has given his undivided attention to what could be the most worthwhile task of his life. He has taken a keen interest in Caribbean history, and made a point of meeting all who can throw light on the problem of the West Indies. To do so, he has mixed with ordinary migrants as much as with those in high places.

And, having completed his "book-learning," he will spend several weeks on the "practical side," travelling round the islands to see things for himself.

By the time he settles into his job he will have a knowledge of his domain which few Governors-General have equaled. He will need it. For the Federation is going to be faced with difficult problems from the start.

Every new federation has its teething troubles. Central Africa and Malaya are no exceptions. For one thing, a federation does not command the same loyalty that a smaller and more comprehensive unit does. The component parts are jealous of the authority of the centre, which is often distant from the local capitals. For instance, over a thousand miles separate Trinidad from Jamaica; so the centre seems remote to those living on the periphery.

The Federation of the West Indies has all these troubles—and more. And its two immediate problems will be men and money. As to the first, the decision taken by political leaders in the Federation that a choice must be made between federal and island politics is a hard one, and one, incidentally, that found few supporters at Westminster. For it is of supreme importance to the new Federation that it should be guided in its formative years by leaders of first-class ability.

But will the right men choose the federal field—in which they

legislative power to impose. The total sum which the various islands can be asked to pay must not exceed about nine million West Indian dollars.

Jamaica and Trinidad, of course, will subscribe the lion's share of this, Jamaica being responsible for 43 per cent and Trinidad for 38 per cent. The total sum was fixed over a year and a half ago. It will not go as far today as it would have done then. Moreover, demands on the Western will grow rather than diminish. So the federal treasurer will have his work cut out to balance his budget.

From sheer habit eyes will turn to Britain for help; but there is a limit to what Britain can do. British assistance to the whole Caribbean region already represents more per head of population than that given to any other region under the Colonial Office.

Political circles in London believe the British Government will try to sponsor a "Columbo Plan" for the West Indies, which Britain, Canada and the United States would be invited to be the main contributors of outside aid. Ties of sentiment and trade, unlike Canada and the Caribbean, bind Canada and the United States to the British West Indies as a kind of defensive strategic screen. Increasingly, the islands attract visitors from the American continent. Results of aid there would be more apparent to American and Canadian eyes than the results in the more distant Colombo countries.

The Governor-General could help forward a plan like this by personal contacts in Canada and the United States. He would make a first-rate public relations man for the Federation. He has good looks, a good presence and, now, a good knowledge of the territories under his control.

Lord Hailes has an exciting assignment. It is one in which imagination, boldness and, above all, the will to see that the Federation succeeds, will count for much.

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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## JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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# As the moon comes REALLY nearer

50 FACTS  
by  
**CHAPMAN  
PINCHER**

- 1 The distance to the moon which varies slightly averages 240,000 miles.
- 2 The moon is about 2,200 miles in diameter.
- 3 It is 50 times smaller in volume than the earth.
- 4 It moves along its elliptical orbit round the earth at 2,300 miles an hour.
- 5 This is less than one-seventh as fast as the Russian dog-carrying satellite.
- 6 Gravity on the moon has only about one-sixth the pull it has on earth.
- 7 Men on the moon would therefore leap rather than stride.

8 The moon's gravity pull is too small to hold on to any atmosphere. The air it may once have had has long since escaped into space.

9 Because there is no atmosphere and sound cannot travel through a vacuum, there is complete silence on the moon.

10 There can be no smells either.

11 There is no water. It too has evaporated into space.

12 The moon turns so slowly on its axis that one day here lasts 14 of our days.

13 The nights too are 14 earth nights long.

14 The moon rotates once in the same time it takes to orbit round the earth. So it always keeps the same face turned towards us.

15 Because of slight variations it is possible to see a little way round the other side of the moon.

16 The moon stays up because its forward speed, which would send it off into space, is just balanced by the earth's pull.

17 It is slowly moving further out from earth.

18 In 50,000,000 years' time it will be 340,000 miles away.

19 It will then move slowly towards earth again and may eventually disintegrate.

20 The full moon would have to be 500,000 times brighter to equal the brightness of the sun.

21 It reflects back like a mirror, some of the sun's light which is reflected to it by the earth. When the moon is new this "earth light" illuminates the dark segment of the moon, so we see "the old moon in the arms of the new."

22 To moon visitors the earth will go through phases. At the time of full moon they will see "new earth"; at new moon "full earth."

23 The sun takes an hour to rise and set on the moon.

24 Seen from the moon the earth will look four times as big as the moon does to us.

25 The sky will look black because of the absence of atmosphere which causes the blueness on earth.

26 The temperature on the moon varies between 243 degrees Fahrenheit — above the boiling point of water — by day and minus 238 degrees Fahrenheit at night.

27 The moon is believed once to have been joined to the earth.

28 So it probably consists of basically the same rocks.

29 There are 10 huge mountain ranges on the visible side.

30 These are as jagged as when they were formed, because there is no rain or wind to erode them.

31 There is one moon mountain nearly seven miles high—much higher than Everest.

32 One feature, called the Moon Maiden, looks like the head of a young girl with long, flowing locks, when the sun's rays fall from a certain angle.

33 A huge natural bridge 12 miles long has been seen by astronomers.

34 There are probably 250,000 craters on the moon, many of which have been mapped and named.

35 Some, like Copernicus, 50 miles wide, have a mountain in the middle.

36 Some of these central peaks are 20,000 feet high—a fact deduced by measuring the height of the shadows they cast.

37 The craters may have been formed by volcanic activity, by giant bubbles which burst when the moon was molten or by bombardment by meteors from space.

38 The Sea of Showers, about seven miles deep and 350 miles wide, is believed to have been caused by collision with a ball of iron about 10 miles in diameter.

39 Bright rays or streaks radiate from some of the craters. Their nature is unknown.

40 One crater, called the Washbowl, has a hole in the middle like a plug-hole.

41 Another, called Ptolemy, near the moon's centre,

could easily accommodate Yorkshire and Lancashire.

42 Some craters, like one called Pickering, seem to change their shape.

43 Some have been known to disappear—possibly as a result of major landslides.

44 These landslides, like enormous cracks, in the moon's crust which are still forming, are probably due to the extremes of heat and cold.

45 Some gases may exist in underground canyons. They are sometimes seen issuing as dust-laden clouds.

46 Peculiar spots moving as though with some purpose, recently seen by astronomers, suggest that some animal life may possibly exist in the canyons.

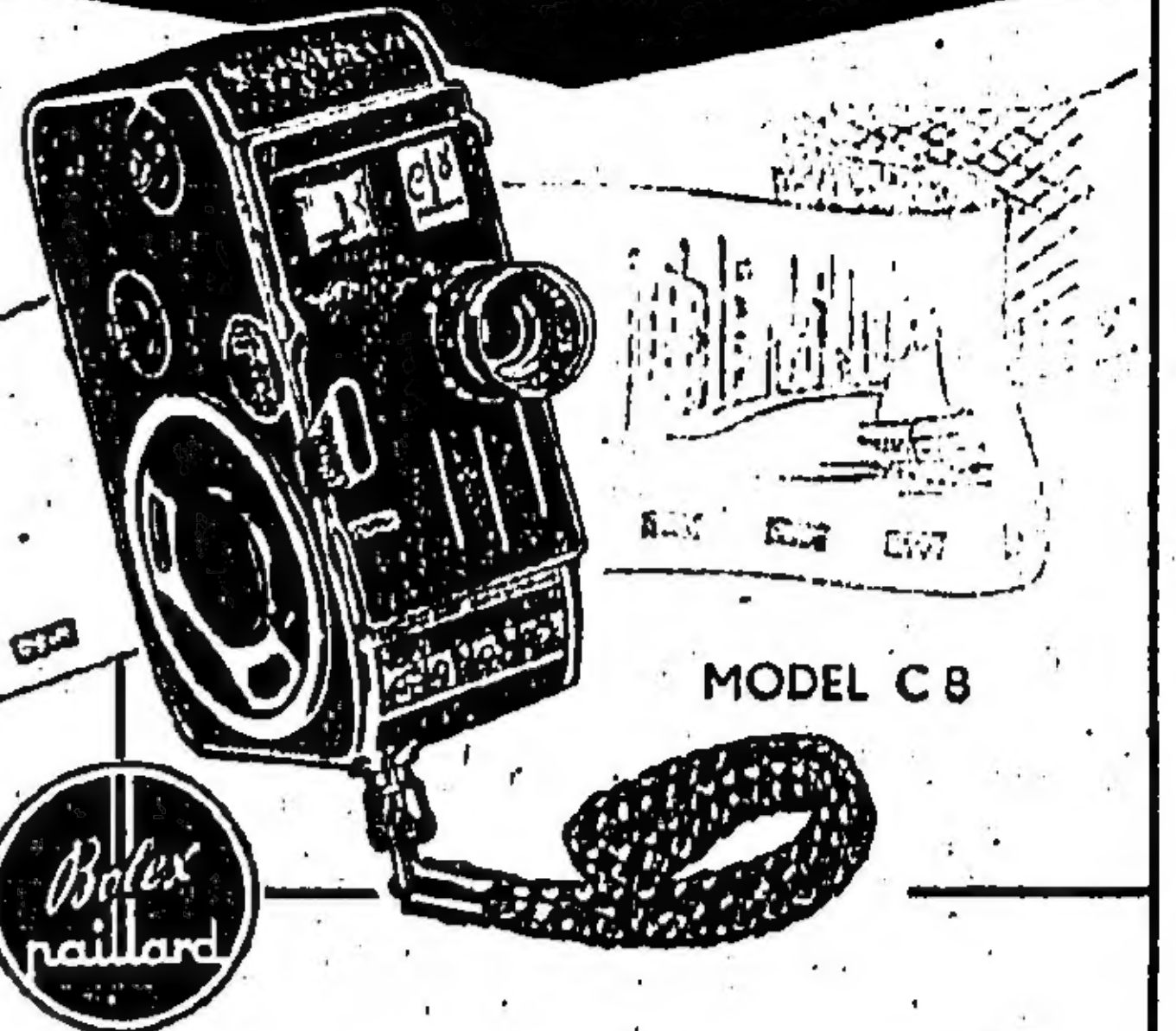
47 There is also some evidence of vegetation on the moon.

48 Astronomers believe that only a thin layer of pumice-like dust, about one millimetre thick and probably formed by impact with meteorites, covers the rocks.

49 The moon's surface is almost colourless, though occasional tints of green, brown, and purple are seen through telescopes.

50 If you bend down and look at the moon through your legs it looks much smaller than when you view it standing up. Nobody has yet explained this.

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## GEORGE GALE ASKS: Are we off our heads?

DID you observe a silent minute at 11 o'clock Remembrance Sunday morning? Will you today?

Did you fill that minute thinking and praying that a dog would return safely to earth? Will you today? You may not know it, but you have been asked to do so by a body calling itself the National Canine Defence League.

Once a year you are asked to stand silent for two minutes, remembering the millions of dead of two world wars. But for one dog, you are asked to do a daily stint.

### 'Scandal'

SAYS Lady Munnings about the use of Little Lemon: "It is an absolute scandal. Why not use child murderers, who just get life sentences and have a jolly good time in prison?"

Listen, Lady Munnings. If I had a Sputnik and wanted to put something alive in it, you would be my first candidate. Two questions, Lady Munnings. Have you ever had a fur coat? Have you ever been in prison? Says Donald Campbell: "It's just cold-blooded murder." Ever worry, Mr Campbell, about all the poor fish you might hit breaking your own water-speed records?

Says Mrs Mirabel Topham: "If these tests must be made, why not use some of the worst type of criminals? It is a great shame to use animals like this." Why not, Mrs Topham, use the worst type of criminals as the horses in your own Grand National? Then, when they fall, you could shoot the criminals instead of the horses.

### Her poodle

MISS Sandra Hobdell, a City secretary, is a little more honest but no less confused. "Why can't they use a monkey or a guinea-pig, which people don't feel for as pets? I wouldn't let them send my poodle Suzy in a rocket."

But nobody wants to send your poodle Suzy in a rocket, Sandra. And some people have monkeys and guinea-pigs as pets.

If the Russians sent up a rat instead of a dog, would any of you sentimental animal-lovers have raised the slightest squeak? Do you bother about dogs on tanks? Do you bother about Grand National horses, hunting, shooting, fishing?

Of course you don't. Do you stand for a minute's silence for each child slaughtered on the roads?

Do you stand for a minute's silence for each child slaughtered for a child murderer? Do the Japanese fishermen, mutilated by atomic radiation, cause you any loss of sleep?

Listen, you sentimental sob-sobers. You ought to be very human, ought to wear only linen or cotton or nylon, and you had



Members of Britain's National Canine Defence League leaving the Soviet Embassy, London after delivering a protest against Russia's sending a dog up into space in a rocket-satellite.

better burn only peat, for your coal and electricity and gas may have come from the coal hauled by some wretched pony.

I am no admirer of modern scientists. They have sold out to the politicians, and are busy using talents and resources which could cure cancer or irrigate deserts to make weapons of destruction.

### Useless

THE Sputnik is a useless thing. It will add to the conceit of men. But it is folly of the worst kind, with this thing circling our globe every hour, to worry about the dog inside.

It is the men outside, the men a thousand miles beneath, we ought to be worrying about. Especially we ought to worry about the politicians who order these machines, and the scientists who make them.

We shall not stop the machines being made, but we may be able to prevent their worst uses if we stop talking tripe about dogs, and begin talking sense about men.

### POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"That'll give the brutes something to think about as they howl through outer space!"

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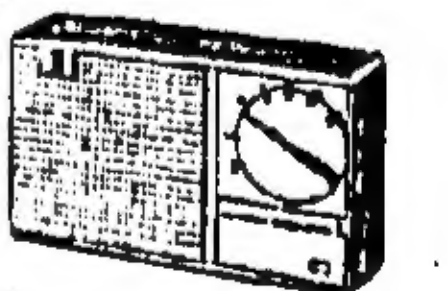
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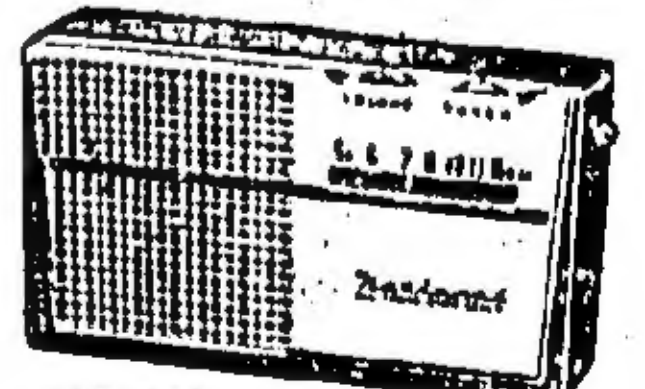
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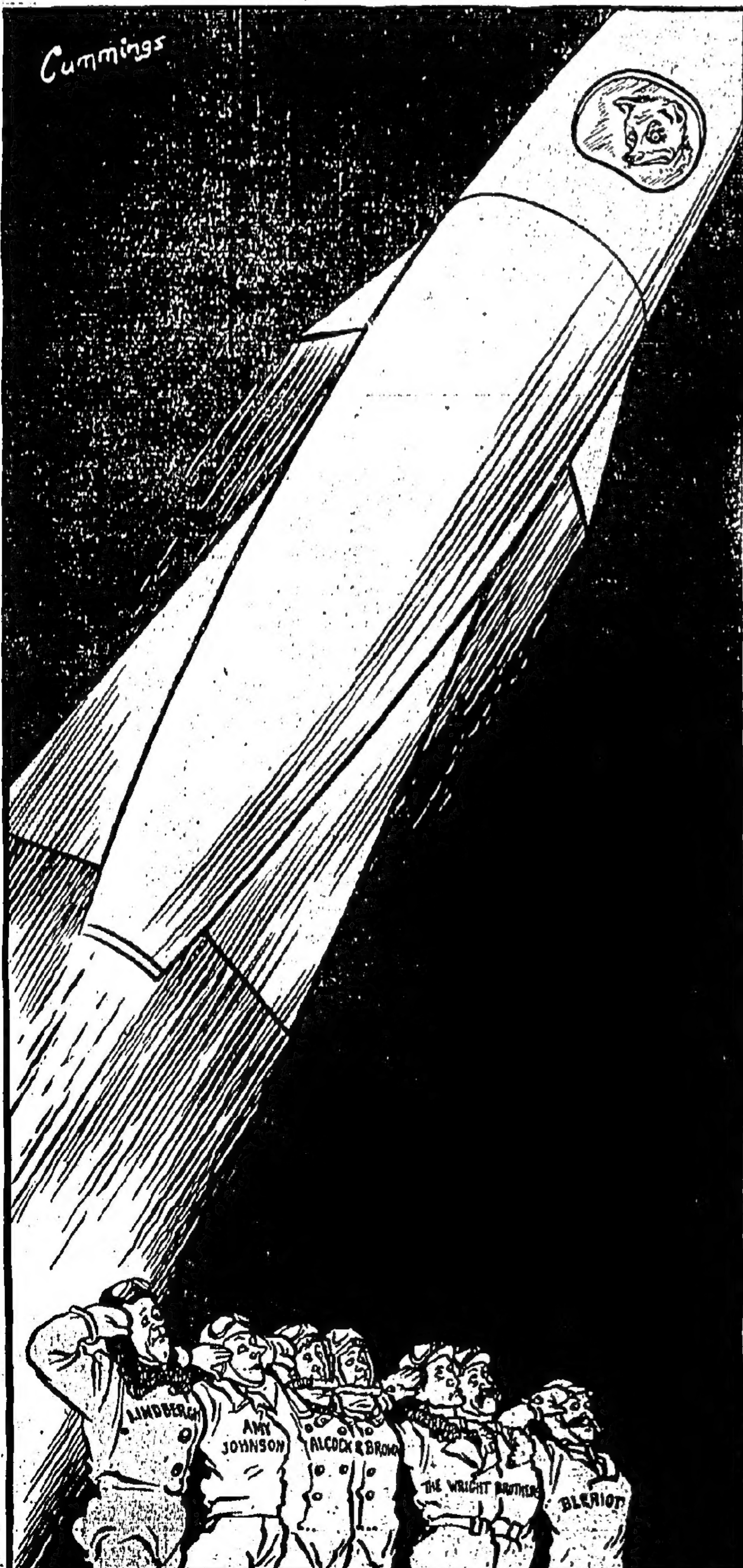
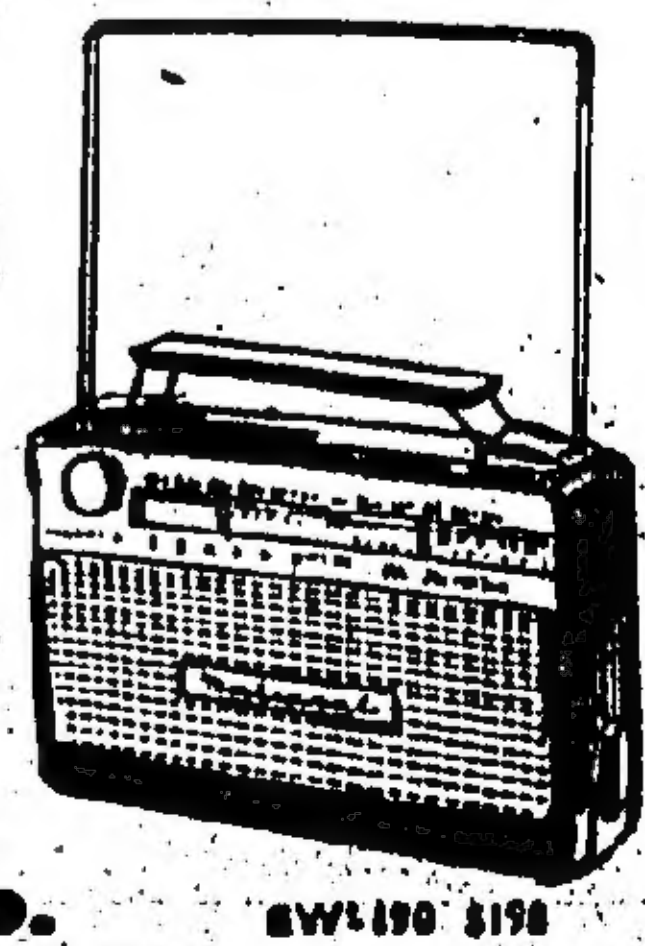
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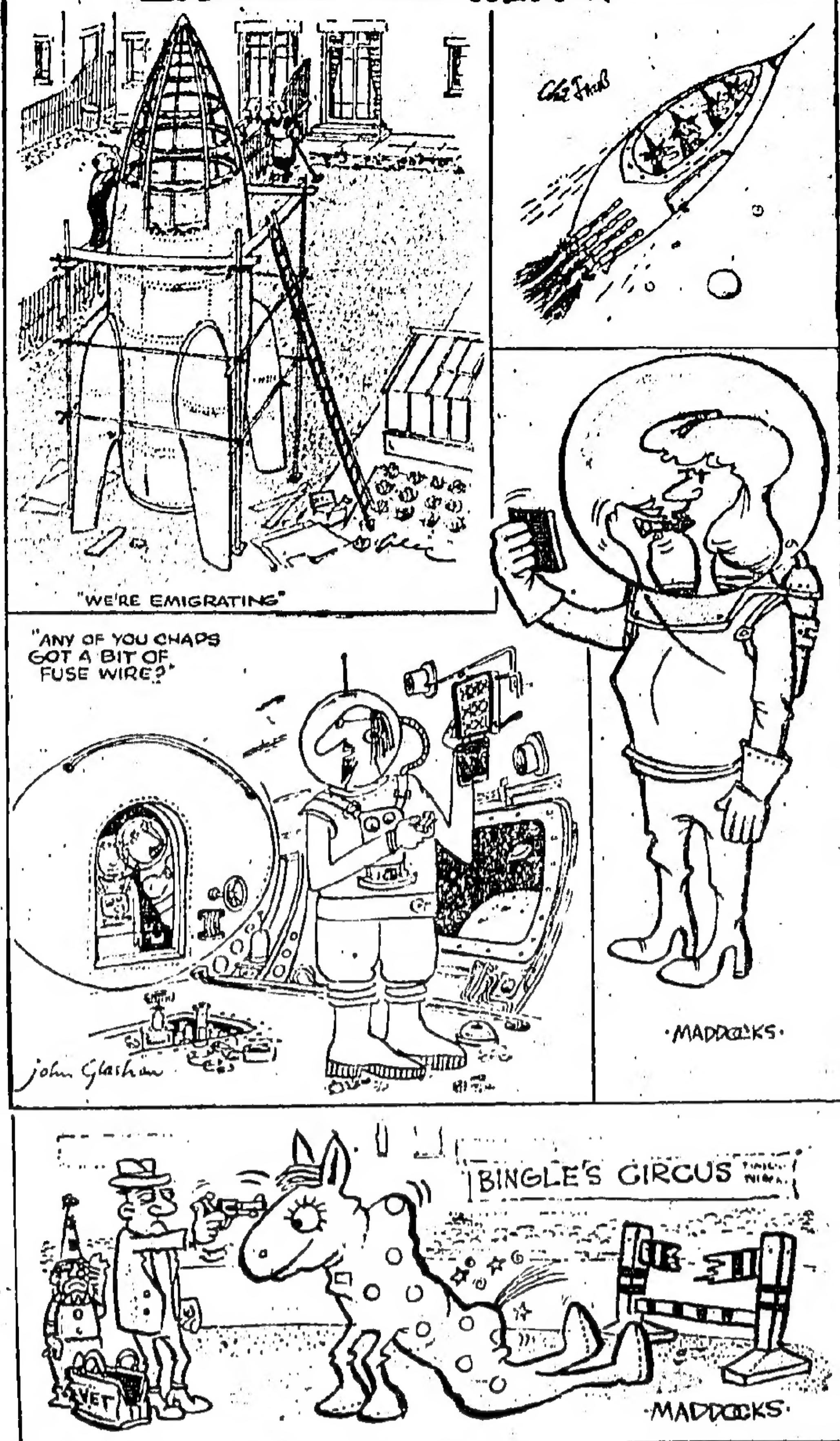
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## REPORTING WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE MARRIED TO A FAMOUS FACE

## Life's better at home for the star's husband...

IT is one of the hazards of my job that occasionally I cannot avoid being seen in public with a Famous Face. And it has occurred to me on these occasions to be thankful I'm not married to it.

Just imagine what life would be like if the face you took in wedlock and now take entirely for granted is the sort that stops the traffic and prevents you ever having a quiet evening out. You may be outstandingly good-looking or divinely dressed, you may be loaded with talent...you may paint in oils or crochet like a dream...but wherever you go the famous face you married claims all the attention.

I think I would find this galling after the novelty had worn off. It's bad enough even as a brief encounter. Of all the upsetting lunches I've eaten, across the table from a famous face, one with Rex Harrison stays in my mind.

## Thin on top

All through the meal, people stared...at him, of course. They whispered...about him, obviously. "They're saying how thin I've gone on top," said Harrison, easily. "I should have kept my hat on—it takes the edge off their interest."

He went to excessive lengths (as people who are unwillingly the centre of attraction often do) to appear at home and unconcerned. He pushed his chair back, crossed his legs, rested his chin on his knee—and drew pictures on the table-cloth.

It was like eating on a stage with the spotlight full on.

## 'Loathed it'

Only—I was caught in the spotlight by accident. Fifty pairs of eyes were not so much looking my way, as looking right through me.

I don't mind being blotted out once in a while, as a person in my own right.

by SUSAN HALLIDAY

...no chance of a quiet evening out



But how is it as a way of life for a wife or a husband?

I asked MRS DENIS COMPTON.

"I loathed it at first," she admitted. "I couldn't understand why anybody except cricket fanatics should show special interest in him."

"But I'm used to the situation now. When Denis is surrounded, I wait quite happily in the deep field."

"One rule I have—if somebody comes up to talk to me, I introduce myself immediately. It saves them the embarrassment of finding out half-way

through the conversation.

"The only time I get angry is when somebody out of the crowd rushes up to Denis like a long-lost friend and expects to be remembered, because they met once 10 years ago in a Calcutta club. On one of these occasions I said, loudly: 'And what makes you think your face is so unforgettable?'"

"I disgraced myself that night—but it was very satisfying."

Does a husband mind more than a wife about always being the figure in the background at parties?

In the case of the architect married to television's most unmistakable woman—he does.

JEANNE HEAL explained first. "We faced up to this a long ago, and came to an arrangement, which works per-

fectly. When I take my famous face out...he stays home."

"Most of my going-out is semi-official...the sort of invitations where they add that 'ghostly' afterthought: '...oh—and do bring your husband.'"

"Thank heaven—he isn't the sort of husband who responds to an invitation like that."

## A great help

Are there advantages in having a famous face in the family? Miss Heal's husband, Philip Bennett, thinks there are.

"It's a great help to a man when he's struggling to establish himself in a career," he says.

"Wives of my prospective clients want to meet my television wife. I bring them home—and they bring the business with them."

What if the wife is less experienced than Jeanne Heal? Would David Barclay let his wife—the most famous poster face in the country—scatter here and there unattended?

"No fear," said the young, adoring husband of the "drink-more-milk" blonde—Zoe Newton. "I've seen what can happen."

"I don't want to interfere when she is hidden behind a camera, or being examined with questions from all sides. But I like to be near to lend moral support."

"Besides," he added honestly, "it has its exciting moments, having a wife whose face everybody knows. The first time I saw Zoe on a huge poster high up above the Strand, smiling down at me, I had a devil of a job not to tap somebody on the shoulder and say, 'Listen here, old chap—that's my wife.'"

## Not so funny

MRS KENNETH MORE knows the problem—and the answer. "I am genuinely grateful that I am one of the crowd," she said. "I don't share how much I am overlooked or ignored, so long as I don't have my husband's problems."

"Once our car broke down and he got out to deal with it. A crowd gathered in no time. They made jokes about Genevieve, and Ken tried to be funny back. But he takes his motororing seriously, and it isn't funny to break down in Chiswick High Street and have people make wisecracks at you."

"No...my main complaint is not about my position. It's that we can never go to the quiet holiday spots we used to love when nobody knew Kenneth More."

"Now we have to keep going back to Jamaica."



## ★ ★ Anthony Fuller's Column ★ ★

THE picture coming to the Roxy and the Broadway uses the Abominable Snowman as its theme. If I may say so, the Snowman is introduced in a most unusual way, but if I said any more, it would reveal the plot. Sufficient to say, the manner in which the creature is used is most intelligent. In fact, it is an intelligent picture.

Known variously as TETIS and METCH-KANGMIS, by the natives who inhabit the Tibetan mountain ranges, the mystery of the Abominable Snowman remains unsolved to this day.

The Lhamas call Mount Everest "Chomolungma".

Goddess of the Earth. They say that the Abominable Snowmen are guardians of the mountain, and they say that the king of the Abominable Snowmen lives on the summit of Everest.

For people outside the Lhamaseries of Tibet, the Abominable Snowmen are much more difficult to explain.

Whatever they are, they are like nothing else on earth.

The middle they pose to mankind is more than an academic question. The eventual answer to it will do more than satisfy an idle curiosity.

QUITE frankly, I have come to the conclusion that Elvira Frealey is not an entertainer.

## NEW FILMS AT GLANCE

## SHOWING

KINGS & PRINCESS: "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral"—Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas in the wildest sun-fight ever.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "No Down Payment"—Joanne Woodward and seven young stars in a suburban drama.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Great Sinner"—Gregory Peck and Barbara Payton, a great cast in a vintage drama of gambling and intrigue.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Only the Valiant"—Gregory Peck and Barbara Payton, a story of the U.S. Cavalry making a last stand against the Apaches.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Quintessence"—Fred MacMurray and Dorothy Malone in a wild west feature.

## COMING

KINGS & PRINCESS: "Loving You"—Elvis in his first big modern musical.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Abominable Snowman"—In quest of a creature in the world above the world, art director Tucker, Peter Cushing.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Action of the Tiger"—The rescue from the Security Police by an American adventurer, Van Johnson, Martine Carol, and Herbert Ross.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "The James Dean Story"—The real story of the most talked about star of our time.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Midnight Story"—The story of the most unusual musician—the cinema has ever told. Tony Curtis, Marlon Brando, and Gilbert Roland.

but a cult. His picture that is coming to the King's and Princess will prove what I say. Such history I have read dealing with ancient times tells me that before the god appeared, there was warlike and lamentation, and considerable hysterical excitement.

You get all this in the film. Even the procession of vestal virgins. No doubt, when this age is just so much research for a future historian, he will write long and learnedly on the Elvira Frealey cult.

DID you know that Martine Carol at one stage of her career intended to be a dental surgeon? Miss Carol was born in Biarritz and grew up to become a conventional teenager, with one exception.

Few teenagers study dental surgery. Her conversation about molars and bicusps proved somewhat disconcerting to her boy-friends.

But reverting to the teenager type, Martine became stage-struck and the world lost what might have been a proficient feminine dentist.

How pleasant it might have been to have had a tooth extracted by Martine. Or would it?

THE next move in the show business seems to be films about direct in your home.

This is no fantasy. Two firms have made bids to cross Los Angeles with wires for this purpose. This next move is to hire an electronic screen. Then follows a meter into which you slip the required cash, just like the old gas meter, and you comes the latest Hollywood feature in colour and all.

Seriously, this can be quite a threat to cinema. Television is one of the firms who are ready

to begin this, and they say they can wire the whole of the country for less than fourteen million dollars.

Telemeter is the other firm. They are allied with Paramount and with the Fox West Coast Theatres.

Naturally the big film producers want to be in on this, but the trouble is to keep their present customers happy while they consider the possibilities.

THE story I gave the other week about the Titanic has brought another one from London. But before I go on to it, it is amazing to think that the Titanic sank at a time when the old age and the new were overlapping.

What I mean is, the most modern means of communication, wireless, was just born. Yet the disaster was told in the oldest form. The sort of wandering minstrel ballad business. The Titanic even sent out S.O.S. signals, but the sparks in the nearest ship had gone to sleep.

Here is all I can remember of the ballad. If I am wrong, perhaps someone will send me the correct version.

"The band was playing as the ship went down. 'Near my God to Thee.' They came to save their lives."

"Over the ice-bound sea..."

That is all I can call to mind. Here is the story.

As you know by now, the Rank Organisation is filming "A Night to Remember," a film epic. A visitor to the unit of the Rank Organisation's "A Night to Remember" brought sharp memories of those days.

As a survivor of the disaster, he had been invited to watch the shooting. I can give his name. Mr Lawrence Beasley, and he is now a schoolmaster back home.

one passed a baby into the boat, I passed the child to her. That was a kind of introduction. I suppose, and we went on talking."

It strikes me strange, but to think that they spoke of the most ordinary things in the world while the "unsinkable liner" went down beside them. History is like that. It is everyday stuff until someone writes it up tomorrow.

Mr Beasley goes on: "We found we had friends in common. We chatted about them until we were rescued four hours later."

Like most schoolmasters, Mr Beasley soon found himself a stern critic. He gave the Rank Organisation a little advice on the rescue scenes.

Watching a supposed bout of survival pulling off, he said: "The boats are splendid, but the rowing is too good. It must be more ragged...don't forget, there were a lot of ladies at the time."

The point was noted and taken.

## POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER





## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Oh, what a man's coat does for Sophia....

WELL, here are the facts, chaps — and don't say I didn't warn you. A monstrous regiment of women is falling upon the men's wear departments this autumn and buying up almost anything it can lay its hands on.

Sweaters, car coats, raincoats and overcoats — they love 'em.

Now there's not the slightest doubt that the wisecracks could read all sorts of fearful implications into this.

Suppose we consulted you-know-who.

## A matriarchy

"I'm not at all surprised," he'd tell us between pinches of snuff. "In fact, I've been predicting it for some time. It presages the upsurge of the dominant female, y'know... could well be the beginning of a matriarchy."

"Take this — one hundred years ago it was the puffed-up cravat — today it's a shoe-string."

"What deflation, what a downfall."

Or there's thingamajig — "just as I expected," she'd say straightening her hardy perennial hat. "Merely the swing of the pendulum away from all that is frivolous and unnecessary. Women are taking their rightful place in the 20th century — and they cannot do it in frills."

Sure — that's what they'd tell you.

## 'IT MAKES HER LOOK MORE FEMININE THAN EVER'

by VERONICA PAPWORTH

Me? I just think it's no more than a bit of fun.

It's certainly a FACT.

Sophia Loren swept into Aquascutum — trailing clouds of glorious young men — and what did she order?

Four exact copies of four gents natty overcoats.

She fell for the short, sporting one — the ones that go with a hairy bowler and a horsey suit. She ordered them in black, coffee brown, camel hair and grey-and-black check.

Wine to the fact that the women were treading a path to the men's department in search of a certain short, sporty raincoat. Aquascutum had it copied for them.

Sophia bought one, too. "How did she look in these severe styles?" I asked one young man.

"Dreamy," he told me. "Sort of protectable. More feminine than ever, really."

I guess that girl would look feminine and protectable in a barrel and a pair of football boots!

## Little lambs

I've been checking up on the "little lambs in men's clothing" story.

"Nothing surprising about it," said Lewis Aronson who designs

and manufactures a snappy range of masculine sportswear.

"Men's clothes are tailored with wide shoulders, semi-fitted waist and stock hips — and that happens to be the fashionable shape for women this season. Take my suede cloth jacket for instance. First person to see the prototype was a model girl — Maryon Simms. She ordered one at once. Then there's Y. Y. wearing a singularly slinky fashion editress — she went off to Italy with a trunk-full of my 'casuals' last summer. Said they were a RIOT."

She came back looking like a cat that's swallowed a canary. She'd scored a success all right.

## The car coat

"IT'S our man's V-necked pullover that most women are buying," they told me at Jockey. "Our car coats, too. Frenchwomen are particularly keen on them."

I've met the Jaguar car coat twice in Paris — once on a

man's model girl and once with Benjamin inside it.

They're a new version, just cut — black, with a nylon fur collar and a crimson satin lining. It's smashing — but it's not quite in the spirit of the thing. Too grand by far.

I can't help feeling that the women has set this fashion. Sooner or later so many of today's heroines get themselves into a sad-looking raincoat several sizes too big, or swamp their curves in a pair of men's pyjamas.

It's the little-girl-lost-in-a-great-big-wrapping look — that's what it is. And I don't think that goes with a fur collar and a red satin lining.

Or does it, girls?

YOU are the customers — you must be right.

Sophia Loren wears her four men's coats — in black, white, rainproof cotton, camel hair and checked sashy.

Here are two items from the men's department that look well on women (above) a suede cloth casual coat, (right) a black jacket with nylon fur collar and red satin lining.

## IS A NEW SORT OF BEAUTY ON THE WAY IN?

By AMANDA MARSHALL

IF your nose is proudly aquiline instead of Grace Kelly-snob, your mouth narrow instead of Marilyn Monroe-snar, and your hair uncompromisingly curly instead of straight-with-a-hint-of-wave, do not despair. Your turn may be coming next.

For one of the world's great consolations for women is that there is absolutely no absolute for beauty. What is the last word in perfect looks for one generation is more often than not the first word in frumpishness for the next.

Under Elizabeth Tudor, the thing was to have red hair — for obvious reasons. Under Victoria, desirable assets were small, plump, non-utilitarian hands, hock-bottle shoulders and a sort of meek wax-doll prettiness.

It's always nice to have a fashionable face, but there is always the chance that the fashion will change and leave you as elegantly marooned as, say, Lady Sylvia Ashley, whose features and floppy blonde bob are indelibly stamped "1930's."

## The Face

With the shattering advent of Garbo, women with prominent facial bones, strong jaw-lines and page-boy hair came romping into their own. The face of the time became stark, with eye-lashes like railings and vast hooded eyes — the Katharine Hepburn face, the Joan Crawford face, and most of all the Garbo face.

Since the war The Face has been that of the Pretty-Uglies, the wide-mouthed, blob-nosed urchins that look a bit like ragamuffins and a bit like dear little friendly pug-dogs.

Miss Kendall is a sort of called Leslie Caron, Jill Bennett, Elizabeth Seal, Heather Sears, Elin Martinelli, and, of course, Audrey Hepburn, but the basic

## Short Fringe

And Anita Loos had the same sort of idea in the 20's, when she gave herself a short, black fringe and wore the sort of clothes commonly stocked in the schoolgirl department.

I predict a long-overdue return to the classic moving-beauty type of face, with delicate, well-proportioned features — the sort of face that would be perfectly at home under a tiara. (The most you could have popped out of an Ugly Duckling urchin cut, would have been a Davy Crockett hat, a sailor's straw, or one of those peaked caps first sported by Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*.)

It'll be the sort of face that will be given an enormous boost by the rediscovery of Ray Kendall once the musical film *Les Girls* hits town.

Miss Kendall is a sort of, unabashed knock-out in the

Kay Kendall

manner of Ariane Dahl and Elizabeth Taylor, with a face that can't be called pretty or interesting, or any of those give-the-girl-a-break words of dispiriting encouragement. Only plain beautiful, without need of trimmings or excuses.

And there are others on the way. When the *Diary of Anne Frank* was produced in London, Anne was admirably played by the touching little Perilla Niddson, who may one day be a great actress but would never lay claims to being a great beauty.

In Paris, the role has been given to a new young, black-haired, blue-eyed actress called Pascale Audret, who is eighteen years old and has the pure, perfect features and the calm, serene poise of a great beauty who is taking no trouble to disguise the fact.

And if the arrival in films of Suzy Parker, the copper-headed girl who has been on the cover of about every magazine that has a cover to put a girl on, doesn't do anything to re-establish the knock-out beauty, nothing will.

Miss Parker has just finished a film with Cary Grant, and has two more lined up with Spencer Tracy and Gregory Peck. The stud's overloads must feel that there is something here to be reckoned with.

## A remark

It's the long-awaited re-birth of the sort of woman described in a remark made once by Walter de la Mare that I read in a just-published book of his conversations: "She was so beautiful that it was embarrassing to look at her."

It's about time she came our way again.

And if anyone would like to start a revival of stunningly beautiful men to match, I'd be the last to complain.

## SIX TO ONE ON THE MALES

By Sarah Rothschild

WHAT are the problems of a girl going up to Oxford University today?

Not so different, it seems, from those of Princess Friderica, who, according to the legend, was pursued across Christchurch Meadows by an ardent admirer in 700 A.D. (He was struck blind. She founded Oxford on the fatal spot, and later became a saint.)

## Stark statistic

For today the stark statistic remains: for every one girl undergraduate there are six male undergraduates. And how to adapt herself to that extraordinary situation is a question which faces every 18-year-old leaving the chalky vigilance of the schoolroom for the airy cloisters of Oxford.

I watched a new satellite arrive in the masculine orbit of Oxford University. Not as explosive as Zuleika Dobson. Not as blinding as Friderica. But Anne Summerscale, dark and dynamic, shone like a friendly little blip on the platform of Oxford station.

## A dress sense

Anne was lucky. There to meet her was a tall and handsome young man, Peter, her brother.

Anne has other advantages besides a protective brother. She has a dress sense. There was no hint of a gym tunic about her neat black suit. She has talent; she plays the violin and guitar. But these advantages may impede her academic, if dynamic, course through Oxford.

Anne is full of good resolutions. Will she stick to them?

No blue stockings, Anne has a carefully planned schedule of work. "Actually," she said, "work best from 10 at night till two in the morning." But this may not be so practicable if she has to attend nine o'clock lectures in the morning. Nor if she is out every night till the 3045 curfew.

Anne's strange working hours may be explained by her background. Unlike some new girls



Anne has lunch with her brother Peter.

she does not come fresh from the isolated hockey pitch of some English girls' school. She has travelled. Her father is in the diplomatic service in Rio de Janeiro. She has worked as an errand girl on a Washington newspaper. She studied Contemporary Soviet Literature at Columbia University in New York.

At Oxford, she will read Modern Languages: Russian and German. "Russian seems a useful thing to know these days," said the wide-eyed girl from the wide open spaces.

One of the first problems which besets a new girl undergraduate is the sheaf of clubs and societies which is put under the door of her room on the first day of term. Which to choose? "I think," says Anne, "that I would like to join a political club."

## No feminist

But unlike so many girl undergraduates Anne is not an ardent feminist. She does not boll with indignation that the men have exclusively masculine clubs. "I think they should have somewhere to escape from us from time to time," she says.

She sat in the window playing her guitar. At her feet sat a heap of goggling undergraduates. A picture of that which snakes or mars a girl undergraduate's career. But I'm quite sure that Anne, academically or otherwise, has a 6-1 chance of success.

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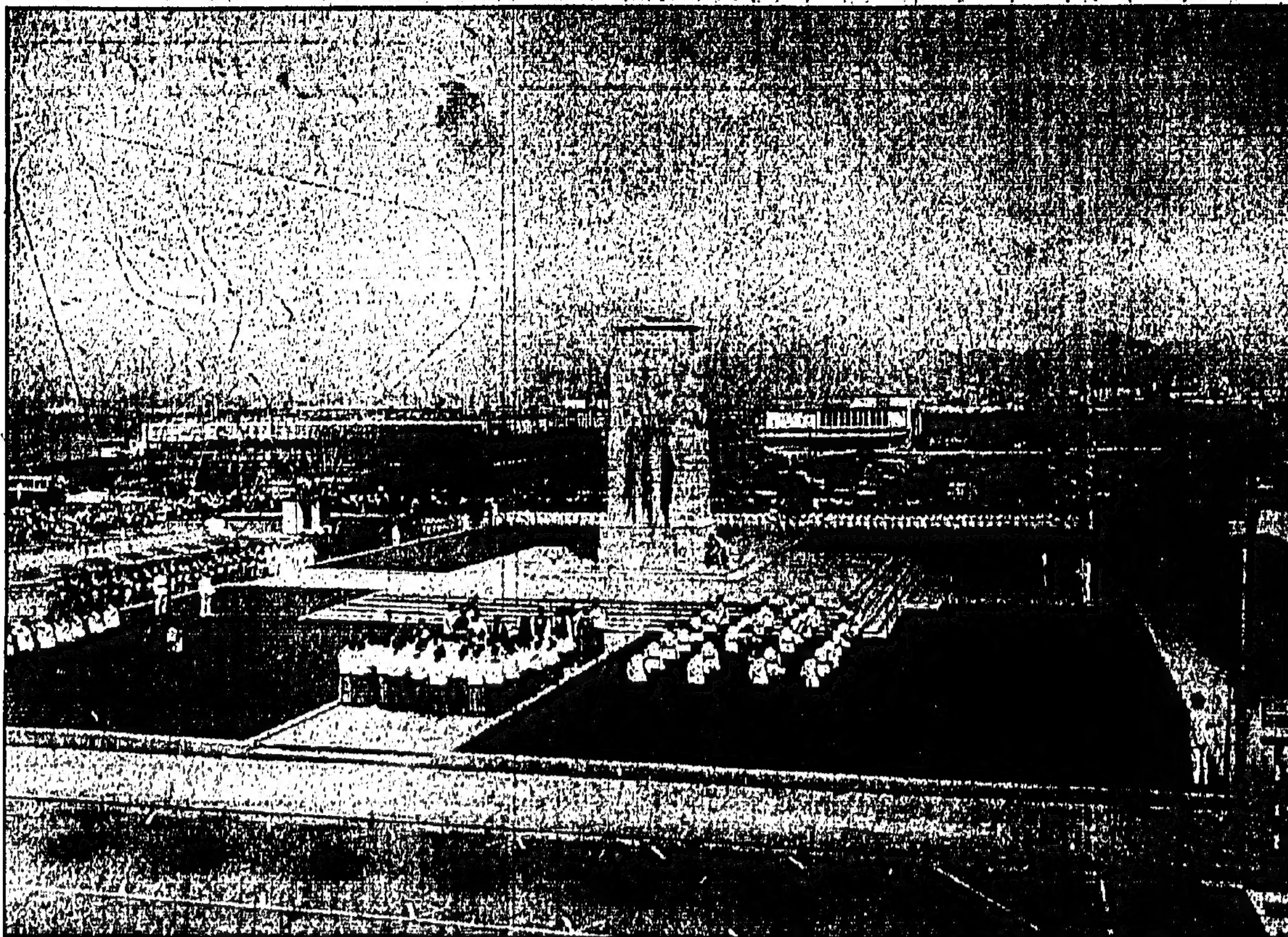
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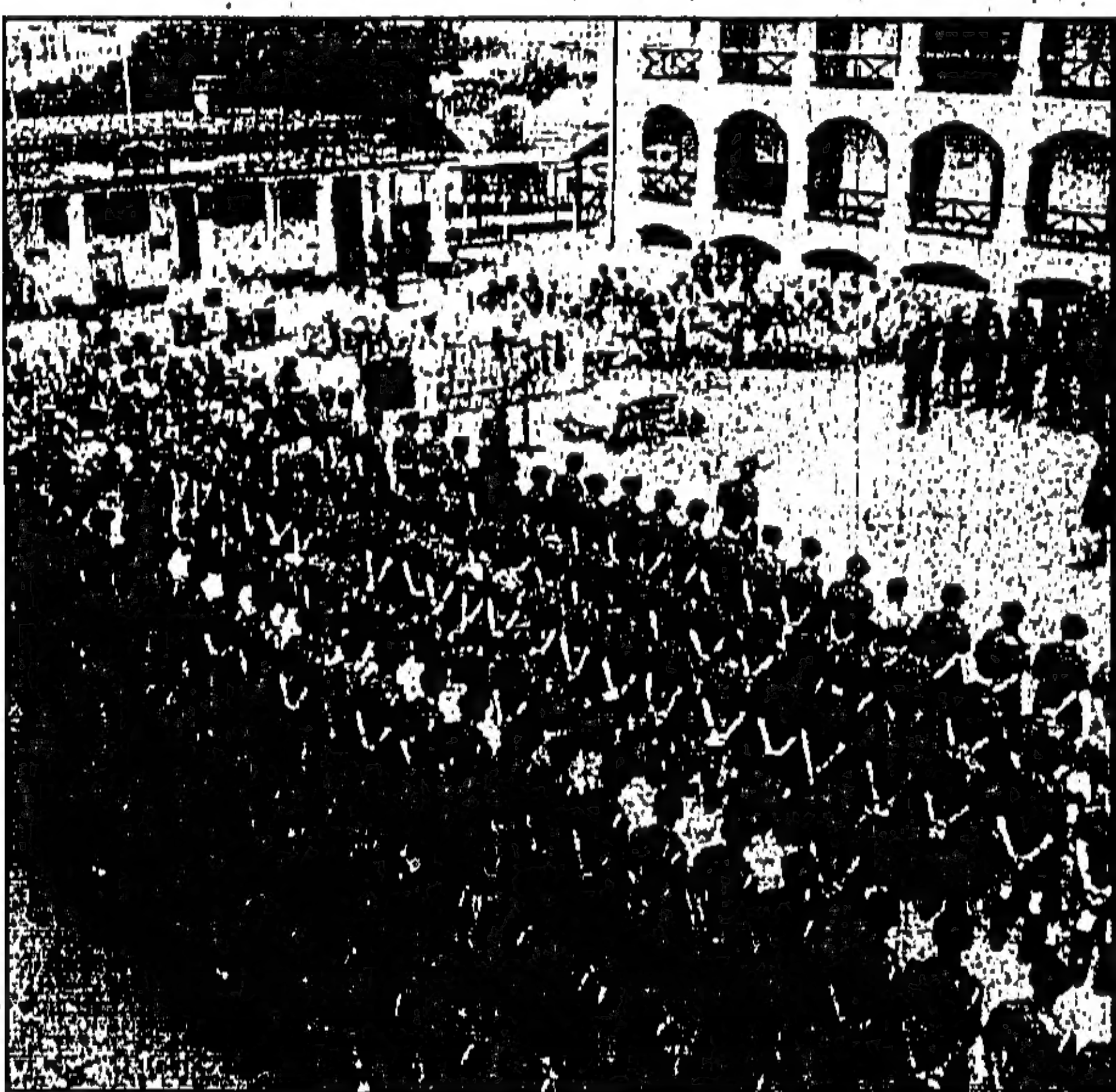
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B 08108 L EUROPEAN EVERGREENS IN SWINGTIME  
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B 10700 L JOYCE GRENELL REQUESTS THE PLEASURE  
Welcome; The music's message; Mrs. Mendicote; Understanding brothers; Three brothers; Palace dancers; Ordinary morning; Shirley's girl friend; Folk song; Songs my mother taught me; Hostess; Farewell.  
Joyce Grenell with orch. under the dir. of William Biesard.  
B 10703 L NOEL COWARD'S 'AFTER THE BALL'  
Vantasia Lee; Peter Craves; Graham Payne; Dennis Bowen; Tom Gill; Mary Ellis; Irene Browne; Patricia Cree Orch. under Philip Martell.  
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People will say we're in love; And this is my beloved; Hernandez's highway; The surrey with the fringe on top; Some enchanted evening; I got the sun in the morning; So in love; Hey there; I have dreamed; If I loved you; Stranger in paradise; Bewitched.  
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Free Church, Anglican, and Roman Catholic join in one service on what was a battlefield, as Hongkong's new three-storey car park rises to fill in the background on what was once the sea.



And as families and church congregations listen by radio to the central service at the cenotaph, the troops and service families on Gun Club Hill are gathered for their own remembrance.

While (right) young buglers of Stanley Training Centre sound the Last Post over Stanley Cemetery. (Below, right) Mr G. R. Pickett has just placed a wreath in front of the cemetery headstones.

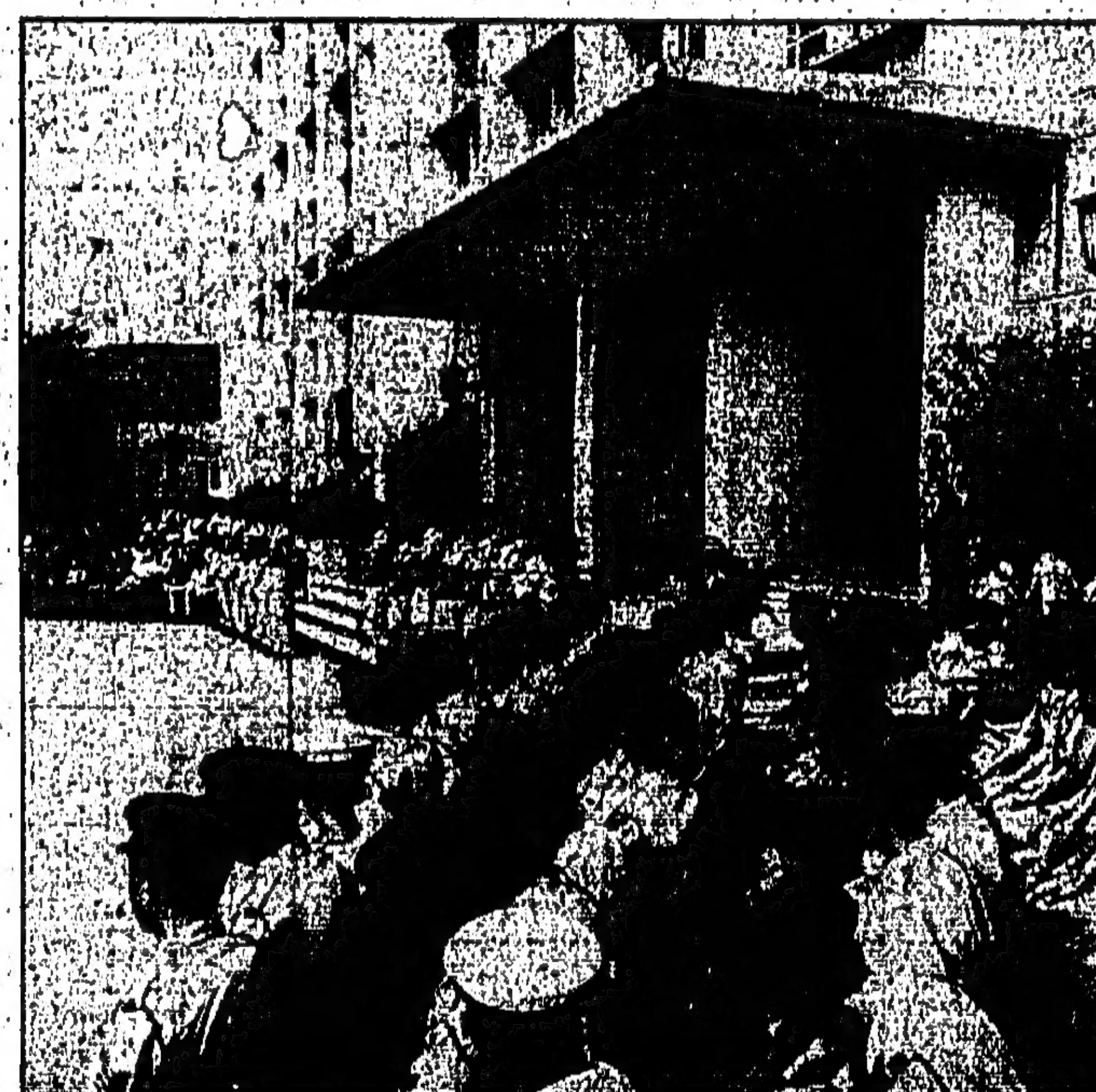


## REMEMBRANCE

How many feel this moment when memory and story combine to bring back those who "shall not grow old." They were men who found something more important to live for than just life. They were men who left for this face in the crowd a heritage that his clenched hands show he does not just take for granted.



At Wongneichong Gap (left) St John Ambulance gathers for remembrance at a scene that once was red with their own members' blood—killed in a massacre that even the Japanese commanders struggled to disown.



And the new Police Headquarters joins in remembering a battle it was not there to see... as Mr A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police, reads out the names of members of the Hongkong Constabulary who gave their lives in the war.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

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Captain Leslie Fox and Corporal May Loong made it an RHKDF wedding at St Teresa's. LEFT: Jeremy Arnold (Royal Marines) and Heather Vargin, at the Registry. BELOW: Cash and fortune—at the ball of the Hongkong Juvenile Core Centre.

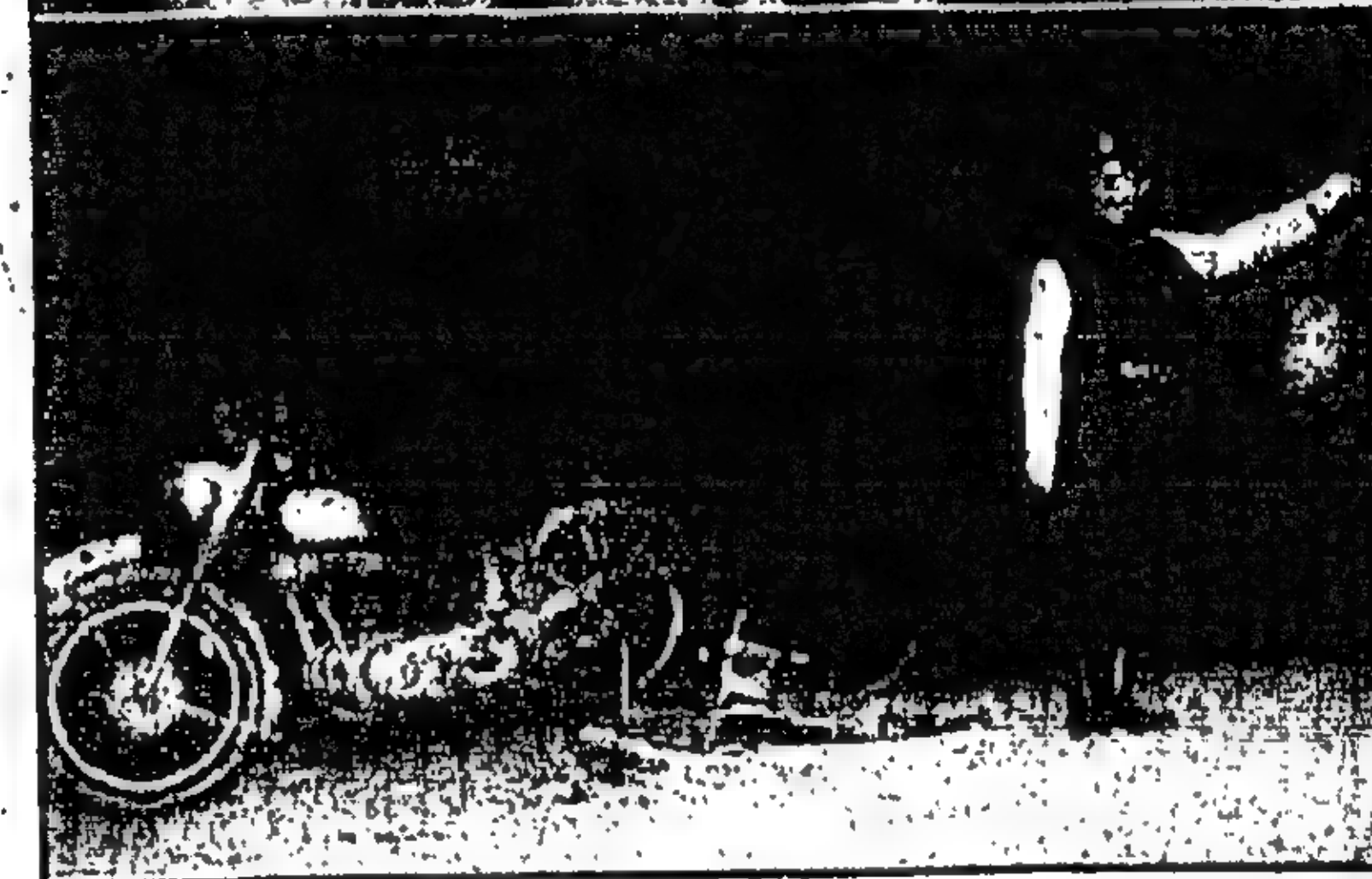


Above — models line up for the White-aways Fashion Show. Right — Janet Cottrell swings a pretty dress on a pretty ankle.

Left — new Scout Troop (34th Kowloon) formed in a ward of Laichikok Hospital.



Captain C. L. Kelsch, President of the Skat Club, leads Sir Alexander to lunch.



Police post carried away; Policeman carries on; in Garden Road. RIGHT: Bishop Bianchi—and a side show for St Vincent de Paul. STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



Mrs D.O. Silver holds the baby at the christening of George Andrew Fotheringham. MAYFAIR  
ABOVE RIGHT: Hongkong "Hello" for Elisabeth Taylor.  
RIGHT: If this cat had his way perhaps all dogs would find themselves out on an orbit. He stayed up there 1½ hours, even sleeping in fits and starts.

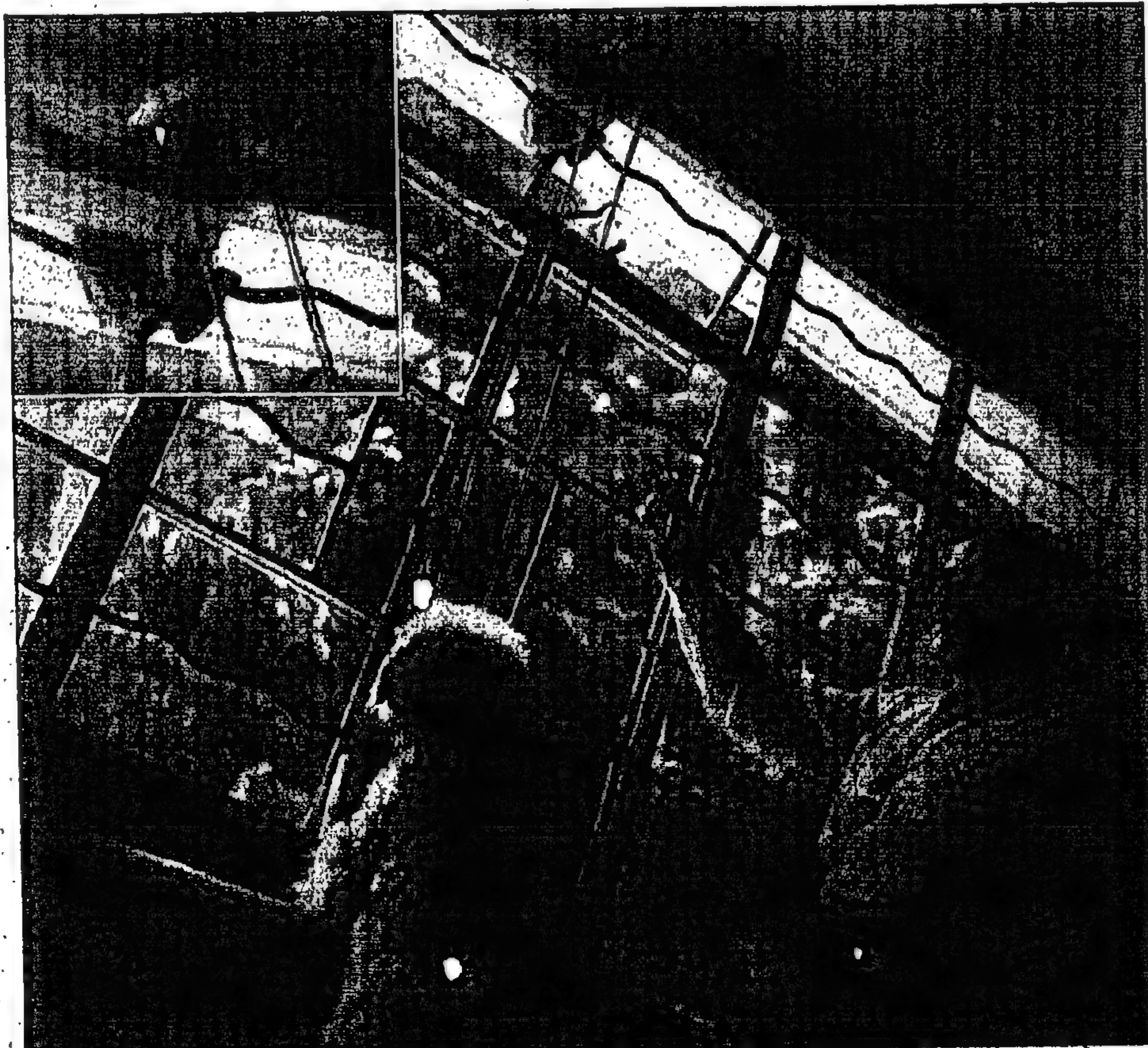
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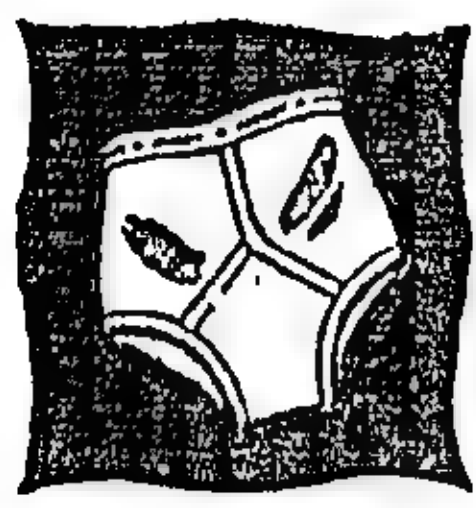
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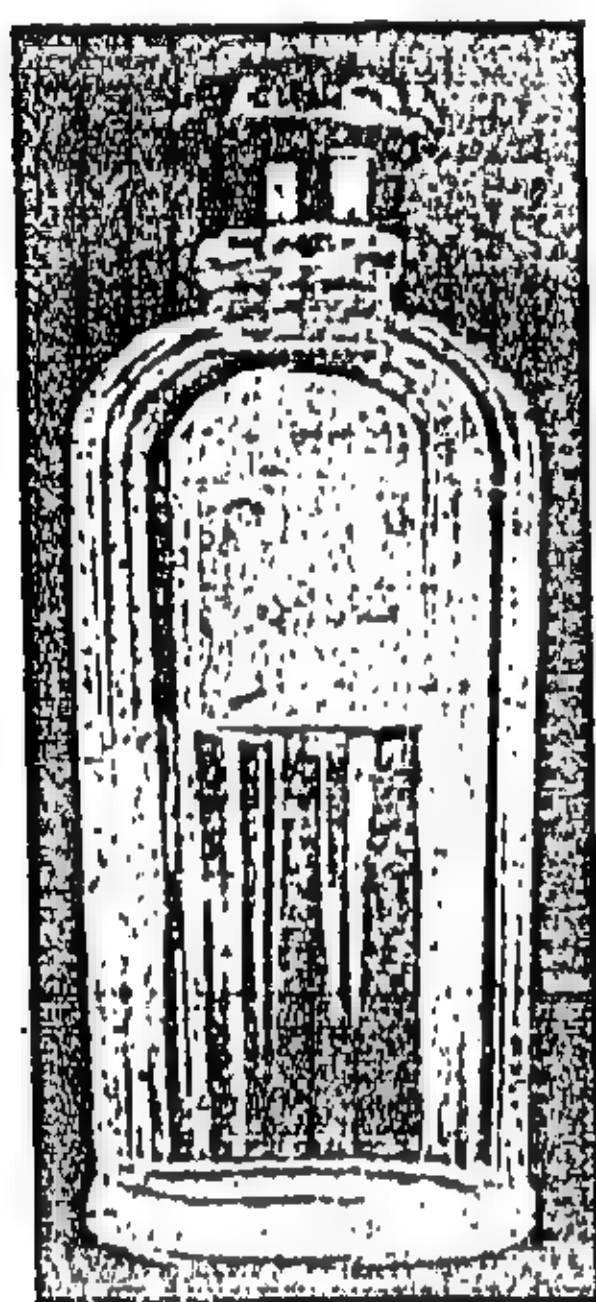


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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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## LONG CARDIGAN IN FOUR SIZES



The patterned white cardigan worn by the model was made up originally in white and teamed with a coloured cravat. It is styled for Munrospun "EVENING DUSK" wool and according to the instructions followed will fit bust sizes from 32 to 38.

\*\*\*

Measurements and quantities are correct only for Munrospun "Evening Dusk" Wool.

**MATERIALS:**  
8 (9) (10) (11) ozs. Munrospun "Evening Dusk" Wool.

1 pair each Nos. 12 and 14 Knitting Needles.  
7 (7) (8) (8) buttons.

**MEASUREMENTS:**

	1st size	2nd size	3rd size	4th size
Bust	32	34	36	38
Length	22	22½	23	23½
Sleeve seam	19	19	19½	20

**TENSION:**  
9 sts. to 1 in.

**ABBREVIATIONS:**  
K—knit; p—purl; st. or sts.—stitch or stitches; in. or ins.—inch or inches; inc.—increasing; dec.—decrease or decreasing; patt.—pattern; rep.—repeat; foll.—following; cont.—continue; beg.—beginning; tog.—together; w.fwd.—wool forward; w. bk.—wool back; st. st.—stocking stitch.

**NOTE:**  
Instructions are given for 1st size. For 2nd, 3rd, and 4th sizes follow figures in brackets respectively. When only one set of figures is given this refers to all sizes.

**BACK**  
Using No. 12 needles cast on 160 (168) (176) (184) sts. 1st row: \* K.2, p.2. Rep. from \* to end of row.

Now work in the following pattern:  
\*\* 1st row: \* K.2, p.2. Rep. from \* to end of row. Rep. this row four times.

Next row: \* K.2 tog. but do not slip st. off needle, then k. into the back of the same 2 sts. p.2. Rep. from \* to end of row. Rep. this row four times.

Next row: P.2, k.2. Rep. from \* to end of row. Rep. this row four times.

Next row: P.2, k.2 tog. but do not slip st. off needle, then k. into the back of the same 2 sts. Rep. from \* to end of row. Rep. this row four times.

Change to No. 14 needles and cont. in patt. for a further 2 ins. Inc. at both ends of the next and every foll. 8th row, until there are 168 (176) (184) (192) sts., working extra sts. into patt. as they come.

Cont. in patt. without further shaping until work measures 14 (14½) (15) (15½) ins. from beg.

**Shape Armholes:**  
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then work 2 tog. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 182 (190) (198) (206) sts. remain.

Cont. w/out further shaping until work measures 21½ (22) (22½) (23) ins. from beg.

**Shape Shoulders:**  
Cast off 11 (12) (13) (14) sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

**POCKETS**  
Using No. 12 needles cast on 36 sts. and work 4 ins. in st. st. Slip these sts. on to a spare needle and leave meantime. Work another pocket in the same way.

**LEFT FRONT**  
Using No. 12 needles cast on 80 (84) (88) (92) sts. 1st row: \* K.2, p.2. Rep. from \* to end of row.

Change to No. 14 needles and cont. in patt. as for back.

Inc. at both ends of the 5th and every foll. 8th row until there are 128 (130) (134) (138) sts.

Cont. in patt. without further shaping until work measures 10 (10½) (10¾) (11) ins. measured at side edge.

**Shape Top:**  
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then work 2 tog. at both ends of every row until 62 (66) (70) (74) sts. remain.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

**BAND**  
Using No. 14 needles cast on 18 sts. and work in patt. as follows:

1st row: \* K.1, w. fwd., st. 1 purlwise, w. bk. Rep. from \* to end.

2nd row: \* P.1, w. bk., st. 1 purlwise, w. fwd. Rep. from \* to end.

3rd row: \* K.1, w. fwd., st. 1 purlwise, w. bk. Rep. from \* to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 1 inch, then make buttonhole thus:

Next row: Patt. 6, cast off 6, patt. to end.

Next row: Cast on 6 sts. above those cast off in previous row.

Cont. in patt. making 6 (6) (7) (7) more buttonholes at intervals of 2 ins. and measured from cast off edge of previous buttonhole.

Now cont. until band is long enough to border right front, round back of neck and down left front, stretching slightly to fit.

Cast off.

**POCKET BORDERS**  
Using No. 14 needles cast on 18 sts. and work as for front band until band is long enough to border pocket edge.

Make another pocket border in the same way.

**TO MAKE UP**  
Press all pieces of work lightly with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves. Pin and press these seams flat. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew down pocket flaps and sew pocket borders to top of pockets hemming ends on right side. Sew on front band stretching slightly to fit. Finish buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond. Press seams.

## Harmony In The Home

By HENRY BLUNDELL

**KEEPING** a sense of proportion about most things is important. But especially is it so with colour.

Colours in the home should be delicately balanced so that they achieve a pleasant, and, at times unusual harmony with themselves. They should add that "special something" to distinguish the room they decorate.

Colours can make small rooms look larger, warm rooms feel cooler, or endow a kitchen or nursery with an air of bustling activity.

Every room in every house in the city provides a different and fascinating study of its own. Its tasteful decoration depends on a number of basic factors.

First to be really successful the colour scheme must be satisfying and "sympathetic" to the character and temperament of the people who live in it.

Next, the room structure—disposition of the walls and ceiling areas and so on—should be carefully studied, and also the source, quality and direction of the light.

Finally, when you have considered all these factors and weighed them up in your mind, there is only one other piece of advice I can give: Use your imagination. Every room has four walls, one ceiling and one floor—so there is plenty of scope for it.

So much for the general principles. It is impossible for me to give each one of you detailed advice on your own individual problems. I can only add a few hints.

Bright primary colours: These can be used most effectively in very small areas. Strong colours in alcoves and recesses can bring a room to life instantly.

But always bear in mind that when you want to increase the apparent size of a room there should be a preponderance of pastel shades.

Panelled doors: These look most effective in a strong colour with mouldings in white or pastel—a door painted a vermillion with mouldings in mist blue is a striking and original combination.

Some people are deterred from using delicate pastel shades because they fear they will get dirty too quickly, especially if there are young children in the house. This fear is ill-founded nowadays. Most paints can be washed or scrubbed down frequently with any of the usual detergents and are restored to their original freshness.

## Humdrum Dish Changed To Cinderella Dessert

By ALICE DENHOFF

**CHOCOLATE** can make the difference between a humdrum dessert and a festive one.

For example, it would be difficult to find a more simple dessert than bread pudding. Yet what happened to Cinderella happens to bread pudding when chocolate glimmers it.

**Spiced Pudding**  
Spiced Chocolate Bread Pudding, made with semi-sweet chocolate bits, is the real proof of the pudding, as it were!

Combine 1 c. soft bread crumbs, ½ pkg. semi-sweet chocolate, 1 c. sugar and 1½ c. milk. C. sugar and 1½ c. milk until mixture is smooth.

Beat 1 egg slightly. Add ½ c. milk (2 c. milk in all used) and ½ tsp. salt. Combine both mixtures and continue cooking until thick.

Add 3 tbsp. sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla, pinch of salt and 3 eggs. Beat with egg beater 1 min. Cover and cook over boiling water for 20 min. without lifting the cover.

Remove from heat. Serve immediately. Serve with cream.

## A CORNER FOR MEN

HIS  
KIND OF  
A MEAL

SCREEN-MAN Victor

Mature likes food, likes to cook—but doesn't much like cooking for other people.

"I dislike giving dinner parties," he told me. "I prefer to wander around the kitchen swathed in a huge apron and eating what I cook as I go along."

Mr. Mature thinks men cook for better than women and offers a recipe to prove it.

Take two large green peppers. Top them, and dig out every single one of those pips—they are terribly hot. One pip can be murder. Mix 1 lb. of good quality minced beef with a large finely chopped onion, plus a little salt, in a large saucepan. Just cover with water; bring to the boil, and add a cup of rice. Simmer for about 20 minutes—until the rice is cooked.

Fill the peppers with the mixture, adding a little paprika as you go. Stand in a pan in about an inch of water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven until the peppers are tender. Serve with a tomato purée. Two small tins of the Italian kind is enough for two people. Mr. Mature likes his puree neat.

"I eat this with fried chicken and a green salad. And whatever you may think, I don't serve mayonnaise with my salad. Just oil and vinegar."

He serves no wine with this. "I never drink with meals," he told me.

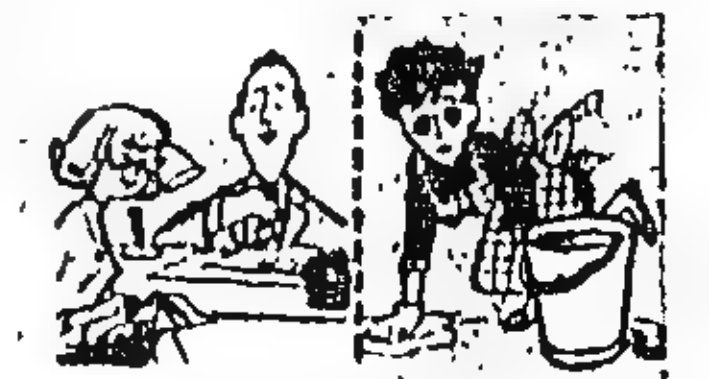
THINGS THAT  
HUSBANDS SAY  
"I've had  
the most  
exhausting  
day"



MORNING



LUNCH-TIME

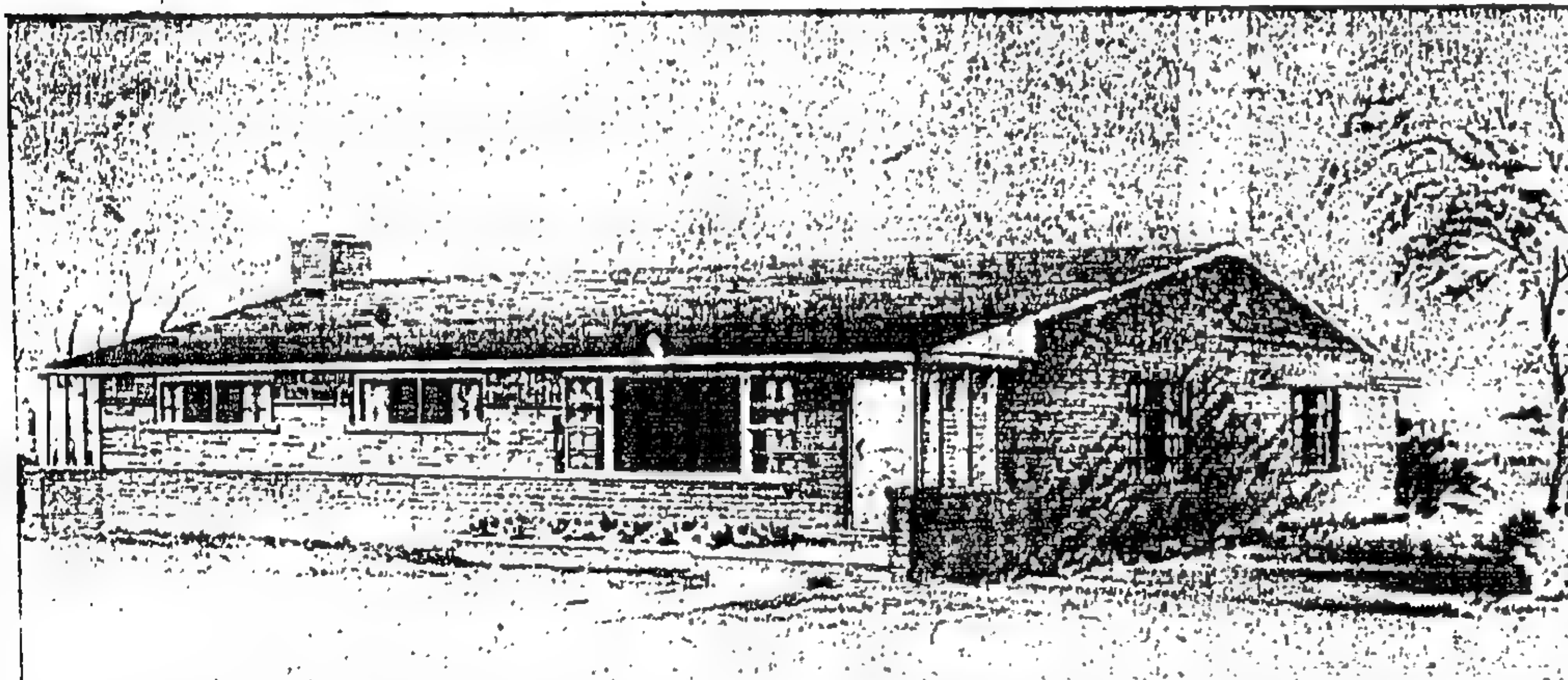


AFTERNOON



EVENING

## Tell The Architect What You Want



AT EITHER SIDE of this cosy ranch house, a planting trellis is featured under the front roof overhang. It is finished in brick veneer with ledgerrock, used left of the living room picture window, for contrast. A planting box is another design feature.

## COMPACT AND COSY

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

**THE** home builder who's keeping an eye on his budget—and who isn't?—wants a home that's compact. And even small dwellings aren't always that. It's up to the architect to see that the plan is efficient, with not an inch of space wasted.

The above fits this description. It's a cosy little home, beautifully planned to provide the maximum of convenience in the minimum of space.

### ENTRY HALL FEATURE

A separate entrance hall is a feature many families favour. This home has one, and it's put to good use, having a roomy clothing closet as well as a back wall of open shelves, which are decorative whether viewed from

the foyer or from the living-dining area beyond it.

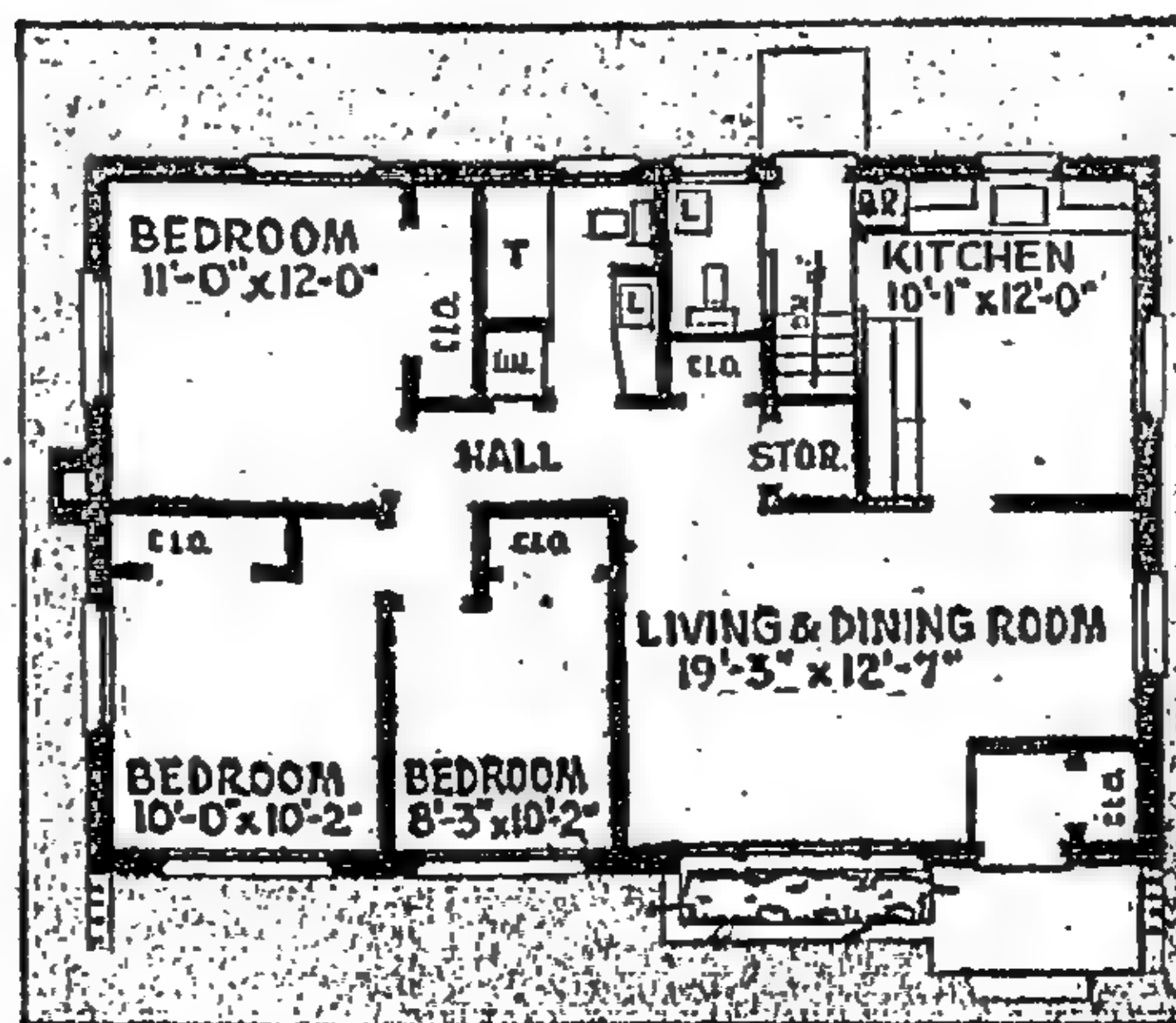
The living-dining room is charming. The living area has a picture-window view, while in the dining section, close to the kitchen, there's a large window overlooking the side garden.

A wide plastered archway in the living room leads to the bedroom wing. Rooms here open off a hallway that offers the homemaker two big storage closets. There are three bedrooms—all with good closet space. The two corner rooms are cross-ventilated.

The kitchen's at the back of the house, accessible from the dining area. Close by, there's a small lavatory, the basement stairway and a back service entrance.

The basement is large enough for a good-sized recreation room.

Total area is 10,429 cubic feet.



**THE COMBINATION** living-dining area and kitchen share the right half of H-397-KP's floor plan. Three bedrooms and a bath are at left.



# Does Britain praise too little men who do the toughest work?

## Say "WELL DONE!"

### by Donald Edgar

**HARDING** has had two years as Governor of Cyprus — two years hard.

I saw him several times when he was out there.

I saw the blood on the floor of the bathroom of the Ledra Palace Hotel. I saw the broken glasses, the broken windows. That was just after the bomb had been thrown against the table which the EOKA terrorists thought he would be sitting at during a Scottish ball.

I saw him just after the bomb in his mattress had been found; the bomb which would have blown him and Lady Harding to smithereens, if it had gone off.

I have seen him driving around Cyprus: two armoured cars in front, he driving in a bullet-proof car, and another armoured car behind.

Not a pleasant two years, two years unnecessary in Field-Marshal Sir John Harding's life — except for the fact that he took on the job out of his sense of public duty.

And he is a great public servant.

This gentle little man, who started life as a Post Office clerk, has deserved well of his country.

He has earned his reward whether it is a Garter or an ennoblement.

For by his work in Cyprus he takes his place with the great provincial governors — with Clive, with Warren Hastings, with Milner of South Africa, and with Curzon.

And, in some ways, his job has been more difficult than theirs.

For they undertook the government of great territories, before the British — or at any rate, some of them — had lost faith in their destiny as an Imperial Power.

#### His task

HE took on the task of governing an unruly island at a time when the British and the United Nations were fighting a rearguard action of our rule.

I sometimes think the English are unworthy of such men as

Harding. They expect such men to do their job. But they scarcely support such men.

So Harding, the most humane and kind of men, has been reviled in the Press of the world as "Butcher Harding," or as "Hitler Harding."

On his shoulders, and they are not so big physically, he has borne the burden of Empire.

I want to tell you what his life was like at the height of the terror.

I met him in his study in Government House at Nicosia. To the house I had two lines of guards, machine-gun posts, and plain-clothed detectives.

There were two windows to the room. Outside each stood a guard with a sub-machine gun. He was a small man, dressed in a blue-beret suit, wearing a smile, although the previous night he had escaped with his life.

He always keeps his left hand clenched. That is to conceal the fact that the three middle fingers are missing. They were blown off in Tripoli.

At the same time he was injured all down his left side.

He had been dealing with the Archbishop Makarios, that erstwhile enemy of Britain. He knew at the time that Makarios was behind the terrorist movement.

But he had only kind words to say about him when he started to talk about the recent murders of British policemen.

His face became firm. "We shall find the killers," he said.

They did.

#### His decision

I KNOW that he disliked his duty of being the final arbiter of life and death when terrorists had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

It was for Harding to decide whether they should die or not. Sometimes he would go out on the lawn and play croquet when he had such a decision to make.

And there was something slightly fantastic that only while playing croquet could this man find the peace of mind to decide whether a man should die or not.

Cyprus had always been a rather third-rate place so far as Whitehall was concerned. But by leaving the Suez Canal, this island became the centre of all our power in the Middle East.

Nicosia, Famagusta, Limassol, Kyrenia — names known only to travellers and historians — have been the theatre of some of the most famous by their murders and riots.

And the man we gave the top job to was Harding.

He had already achieved all that a soldier can achieve. He was a small man, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, a gallant career in the first war, a brilliant career in the second with three D.S.O.s awarded within 13 months.

He has a small farm in the country. As a field-marshal he would always draw £2,300 a year and have a terminal grant of £6,900.

And, before he took on the Cyprus job, he could look forward to a directorship or two.

#### His fame

BUT, for the Queen and the country, he took on a job which was personally dangerous and which, from a career point of view, could only bring him trouble.

It was a great and gallant gesture by the man who once delivered newspapers to make some pocket-money.

By his efforts he has pacified the island.

The terrorist gangs have been largely liquidated.

The fame is his — and of the troops whom he has organised.

He should not be forgotten.

#### LIVERISH DOCTOR'S DAY BY CEDRIC CARNE

## Don't blame your liver

DO you keep a diary? If you do, you may easily find that every now and then you have recorded a week like the one that my patient John Talbot has just had. He wrote about it like this.

**MONDAY:** Not feeling on top form. Suppose I got out the wrong side of the bed. Felt irritable all day. In the evening quarrelled with Mary.

**TUESDAY:** Nothing definitely wrong but seem to be tired and apathetic. Noises seemed to be louder somehow. Even sensitive to the sound of someone eating celery. Perhaps I need a tonic.

**WEDNESDAY:** Definitely off colour. Cancel going round to the Joneses tomorrow, though that will be disappointing for Mary. Maybe I need a holiday. Or am I sickening for something?

**THURSDAY:** Definite loss of appetite. Nothing I can put a finger on exactly. But I'm bad tempered at the office. Mary asked when I got home: "What's wrong with you anyway?" My own diagnosis is that I'm liverish.

**FRIDAY:** I hope there's nothing seriously wrong. Phoned to make an appointment with the doctor tomorrow. In the evening picked up a novel but lost interest after a few pages.

#### No such diagnosis

On Saturday Mr. Talbot turned up promptly for his appointment. "What's wrong with me?" he asked. "Am I liverish?"

There is no such diagnosis.



To say a person is "liverish" has no more significance than saying a man is "boonish" or "lunghish." Medically speaking there's no such thing.

I told him that the word "liverish" signifies sometimes that a man is living beyond his

body's resistance before the really got entrenched. During the time when the battle was going on between the virus and the body's resistance they were suffering a sub-clinical attack of the common cold.

#### Vague feeling

"I follow you," Mr. Talbot said. "People suffer from time to time through illnesses that never reveal themselves and during this time the only symptom may be a vague feeling of being off-colour."

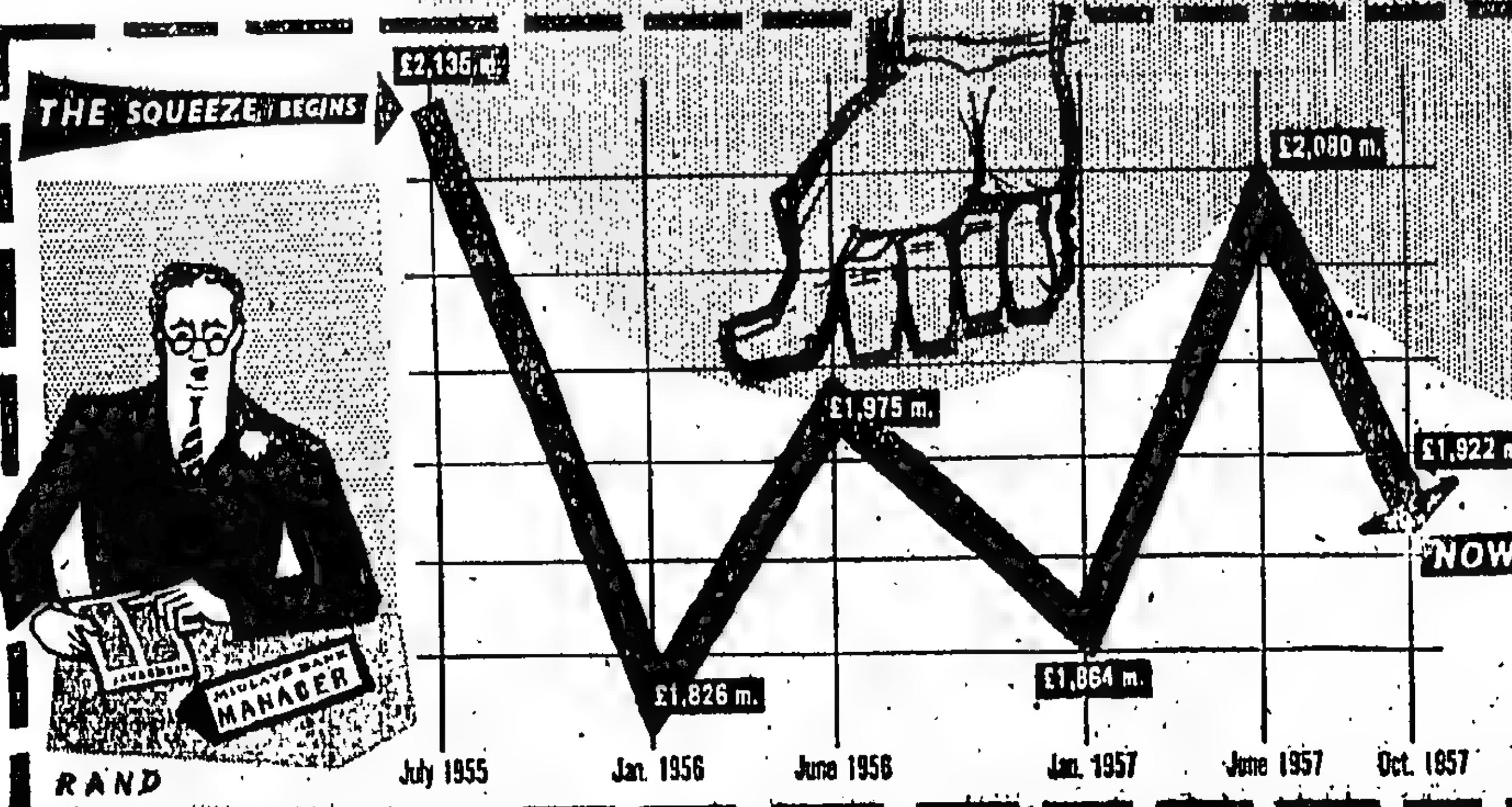
Many a time I've looked at an x-ray and known that years before a patient has had an infection, because a scar can be plainly seen. The patient might say, "Impossible. I never had a day's illness when I was younger. That patient has forgotten he felt a bit 'liverish' for a week some 10 years ago."

Right now many people are not feeling quite on top form because they are suffering from a sub-clinical attack of influenza. They may later tell you they were lucky enough to escape the present epidemic.

Anyway a sub-clinical attack of any illness doesn't last long. I assured Mr. Talbot, "Either the illness expresses itself without disguise, or more often the patient is restored to health and to good spirits in a few days."

Mr. Talbot seemed reassured. I am sure his liver will not figure in his diary any more.

## UNDER THE CHANCELLOR'S THUMB



SEE how the Government's credit squeeze sees-saws in this Michael Rand Newschart.

It is in July 1955 that the Government first acts to clip bank overdrafts. They are at a dizzy level. For six months the pressure of the bank manager is resolute, acting on Government instructions.

Then the thumb is lifted gently—and up creep the overdrafts again. By June 1956 the heat is on again, and down to the low level.

Six months later they have returned again. Now the heat is really on with the 2 per cent bank rate the key pressure on overdrafts. Cheapest overdraft: 8 per cent.



THE strong man of Cyprus—Field-Marshal Sir JOHN HARDING—flew into London and retirement.

After 25 months as governor of the strife-torn island, he said: "Looking back, I would have done the same things again in all major matters of policy."

He said that at no time did he have any differences of opinion with the Colonial Secretary or the Government.

Explaining his reasons for retiring, the 61-year-old Field-Marshal said: "When I took on this job it was for a limited period only. Last summer I decided I had done all I could."

"It seemed to me that anyone as Governor at this time would have to stay on for some considerable time, and I could not do that."

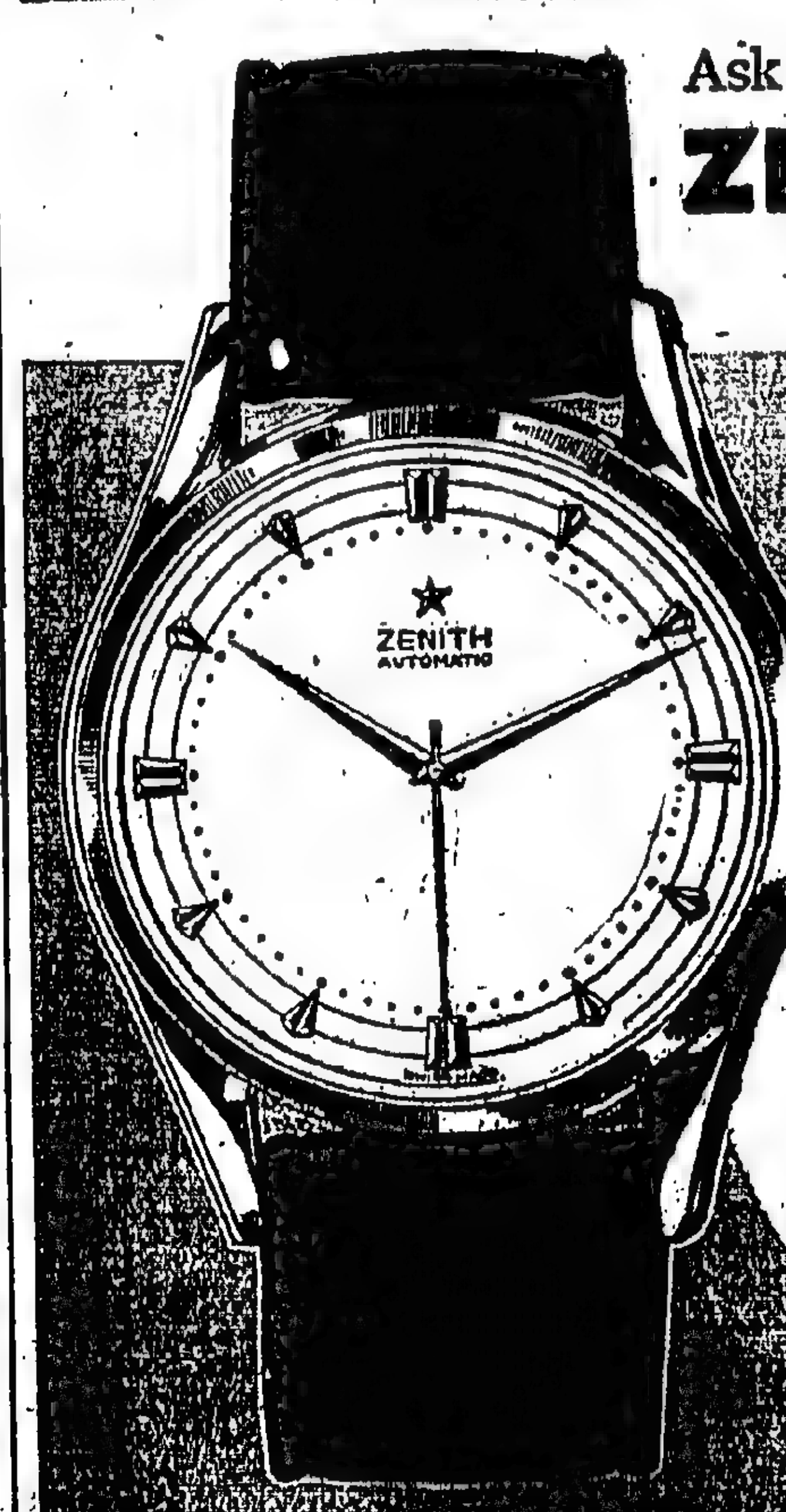
Sir John hoped that a solution to the problem would be found in the New Year, but he would not say that a solution was any nearer.

Said he: "If I did it would sound conceited. But the issues are clearer and it is plain that terrorism can be mastered."

Sir John was asked if he felt that any of the measures he had taken were too stringent. He said: "Certainly not. I was up against a ruthless, brutal and implacable organisation, supported by an unscrupulous Church, and I do not believe the job could have been done in any other way."

He plans to retire to his farm in Dorset.

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**ZENITH AUTOMATIC**

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For precision, won at the official contests organized by the famous Swiss observatory of Neuchâtel, prove the undeniable leadership of ZENITH in the production of finest quality timepieces.

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ROSE D'OR WATCH CO.	55, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
SHUI HWA WATCH CO.	77, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
TAN HING WATCH CO.	184, DES VOEUX ROAD C.

Sole Agents: **HERALD INTERNATIONAL LTD.** 80, WING ON LIFE BLDG



RECORDS by PATRICK GRAY

## Mr. Bygraves nurses his secret ambition

TO the accompaniment of Max Bygraves' singing from the record-player in the No. 1 dressing-room of the London Palladium, Max Bygraves said: "I love my work so much I'd do it for nothing. Honest. I'm a natural show off."

I said: "But you do accept payment. How much?"

He consulted the scribbles on the back of an old envelope.

"It seems," he said, "that during the 12 months ending April this year I earned £72,000. The only comedian in Britain who earns more than I do is Norman Wisdom."

Since neither Max Bygraves nor I consider the discussion of other people's money vulgar, I asked: "What do you do with it all?"

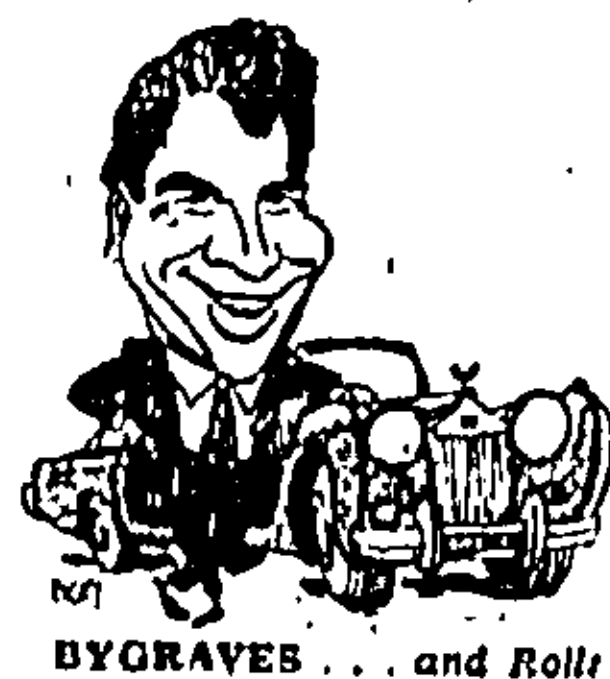
The former carpenter and former Bermondsey resident explained: "I pay a lot of it out on income tax, run a gun metal Rolls—licence number MB 1, of course—maintain a wife and three children and an 18-roomed house in Edgware."

### Some change

AFTER meeting the aforementioned commitments there is still some change left out of £72,000 at the end of the year. Did Mr Bygraves blow the balance by whizzing it up in, say, the West End night clubs? He said: "I don't go to night clubs. I am a family man. Everybody knows that."

I asked how he could account for the following item in a gossip column only last month—

"Seen dancing at a West End club in the small hours yesterday—Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, sister of Lord Londonderry, and Mrs Diana Aske, the model. Lady Jane's partner was Italian film actor Carlo Jistral. Fourth member of the party was comedian Max Bygraves."



BYGRAVES... and Roll

The fourth member of the party explained: "I expected people to talk. But the truth is that a publicity man inveigled me into that party for a photograph. It was the first time I had been dancing in a night club in three years."

### Singer now

CHANGING the subject (mercifully, I thought), I said: "I remember you when you were a comedian. Nowadays, when I turn on a television set or a record-player, you seem always to be singing a song."

Max Bygraves (turning off the record-player) said: "Patter can wear very thin very quickly. Music does not. Tell the same song twice and the critics rip you on the knuckles for putting over old material. Sing the same song twice and nobody complains."

"I'm no Gigli, but I have managed to make 15 records in the past five years, most of them good sellers. And not one of them mentions sex or religion. Some weeks I get as many as 400 letters from children."

Recent audience research figures show that Max Bygraves is the most popular entertainer on B.B.C. TV, and I.T.V. Ask him the secret of TV success and the man who is known on stage (and sometimes off stage) as Big Head will tell you: "You use a little charm—and you leave them shouting for more. Also you play hard to get with the TV companies. In the past year I've appeared in only four major shows and yet they vote me best of the bunch."

There is, however, one person who is going to find Max Bygraves easy to get. That is the theatrical producer who can come up with a play that has a fat part to suit Max Bygraves. He told me: "I've even spent my own lolly putting writers in

work on a play for me. But although the stuff is tailor-made it doesn't fit me. You are looking at a frustrated funny man."

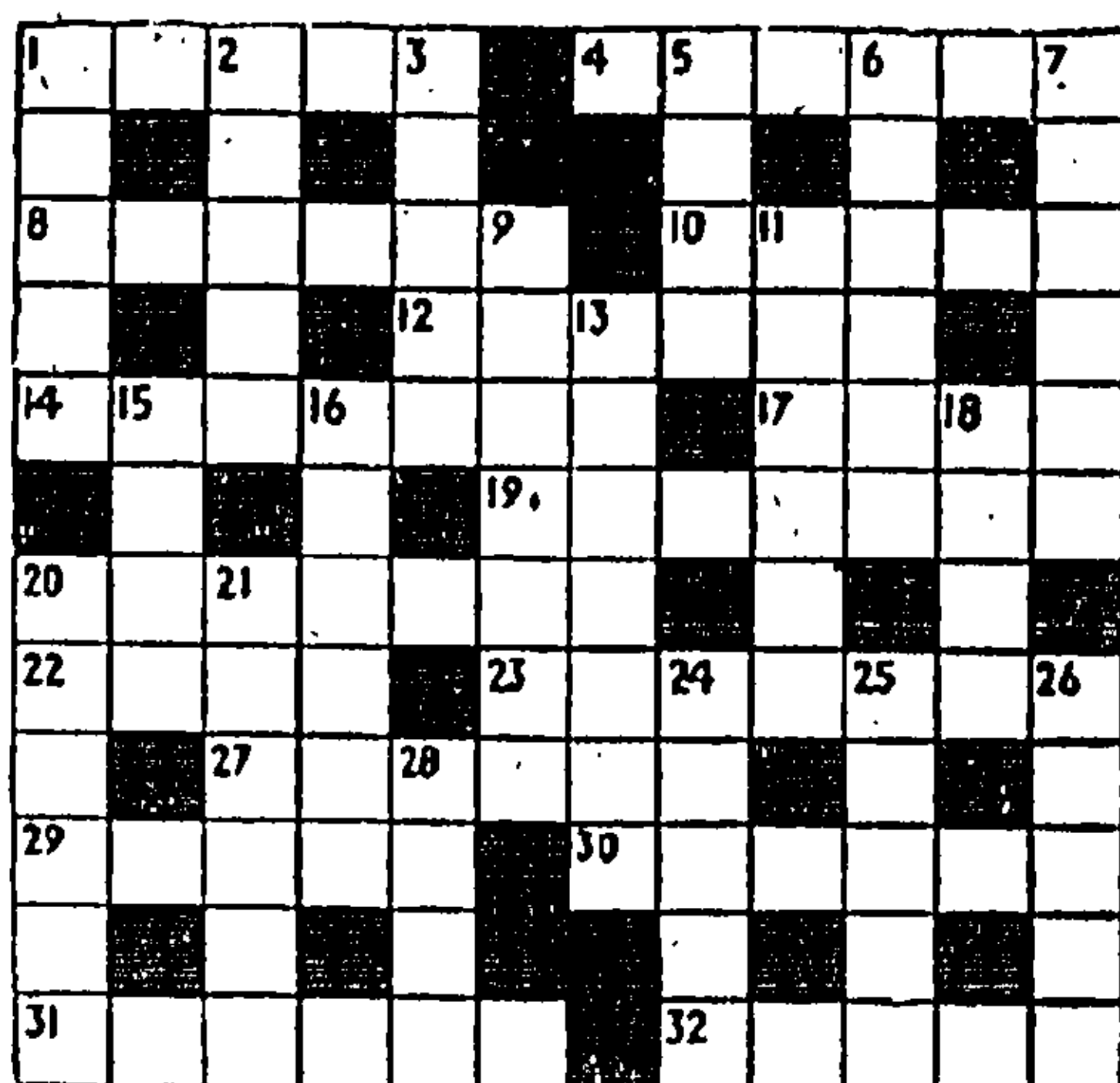
The richest frustrated funny man in British show business switched on the record-player. "My latest record," he explained, "is 'Seven And A Half Cents' (Decca F 10934). It's from the Pajama Game. If I sound like someone taking the mickey out of Marlon Brando, don't worry, it's meant to sound like that."

This one is for those who follow Max Bygraves blindly. His current Palladium co-star Joan Regan is here too.

## The CHEYNEY CULT gets a lift from Debrett

"HER skin is fair and smooth as silk..."  
Two and a half hours after midnight, with one plump hand gently sawing at the air, the peer's son was reading me some of his favourite poetry:  
"Her raven hair like fine spun silk..."  
"And sweet her painted mouth..."

### A British Crossword Puzzle



1 Goods about (5).  
2 Supplies of flowers (6).  
3 Hat for a dancer (6).  
4 It's not right (5).  
5 Buy back (6).  
6 Backing (7).  
7 Garment (6).  
8 Says 'yes' (7).  
9 He keeps the show moving (7).  
10 Purgative drug (4).  
11 Made a hole in the square? (7).  
12 Hey, quick! (6).  
13 Almost dead wood? (5).  
14 Registers indignation? (5).  
15 Out again (6).  
16 The eyes have them (5).  
17 Slice? (3, 9).  
18 Drive off (5).  
19 Grand performance, perhaps (5).  
20 A family growing (4).  
21 Vehicle drivers (6).  
22 Walks pompously (6).  
23 They may be 'corresponding' kind (7).  
24 Make a disclosure about some meat (6).  
25 Abandon what one deserves (7).  
26 A trap (6).  
27 Outcast (6).  
28 Painful swelling (4).  
29 A troop (6).  
30 Dear child (6).  
31 Style of architecture (5).  
32 Proclamation birds (5).  
33 Just what the doctor ordered? (5).  
34 Artful dodger (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Haggle, 2 Book, 3 Queen Bee, 4 Chequer, 5 Deceit, 6 Rubbed, 7 Muddle, 8 Asper, 9 Recovery, 10 Cast-iron, 11 Tip, 12 Tarrying, 13 Down: 1 Eric, 2 Pole, 3 Agony, 4 Gloom, 5 Ambush, 6 Green, 7 Quail, 8 Ered, 9 Heels, 10 Ache, 11 Loser, 12 Devout, 13 Ascent, 14 Power, 15 Rime, 16 Coin, 17 Evil, 18 Turn.

## ROBERT PITMAN'S BOOKPAGE

they married. Then this year Laura herself died. So that Bathurst (1917), already a rich man in his own right, finds himself in possession of nearly all the Cheyney book rights.

### A CYNIC

While I sat sipping whisky Mr Bathurst finished his reading of Cheyney's poem. At Cambridge Mr Bathurst shone as a scholar. In London clubs he is known as a high-stakes bridge man, as a wit and cynic. He told me:—

"My wife said that Peter liked writing poetry better than anything else. He wanted to make a pile of money from his thrillers and then write poetry for the rest of his life."

I said: "Did you know Cheyney well yourself?"

Cheyney's heir shook his head.

"I met him once during the war at a cocktail party. That was all. But when I married Laura I found that her loyalty for him was catching. He must have been a wonderful man. Worked like a nigger."

Mr Bathurst showed me the result of the work. He unlocked a small room. ("I've had so many damned burglaries. Got to lock everything.") Inside volumes of Cheyney stretched to the ceiling.

"They're still selling pretty well. Especially in the Empire. Australia, South Africa—they're mad for anything of Cheyney's."

I said: "Have you always been a fan of his writing?"

"Yes. But now I like to think that I really know all of it. Now and then I meet some fellow who thinks he's read everything that Cheyney wrote. It might be a taxi-driver or someone like that."

"I take this chap into this room and say: 'I'll lay ten pounds to your one that you'll find a book here you haven't read.' I haven't lost yet."

On a wall was an early eighteenth century print of a Bathurst ancestor. We talked about Cheyney's own history. He was born Reginald Cheyney. But when he left Whitechapel he called himself Evelyn Southouse-Cheyney. He wrote patter-songs for the music halls (one little Reginald the Cheese); he joined his brother as a book-maker. Then, as Peter Cheyney, he ran a small news agency, and a small detective agency.

But except in his own day-dreams, he had small success. Disgruntled, Cheyney became a

Mosley fan. Like Mosley he took up fencing. Then, when he was 40, he suddenly put all his own love of swaggers and action into some short detective stories. The Evening Standard printed them. The readers asked for more. A Standard man urged him to write a novel. Cheyney wrote one. In 1930 he published *This Man is Dangerous*, starring the private eye Lemmy Caution. It began "It was one of those nights." It was one of those books. It made Cheyney's name.

FOR FLOWERS  
Mr Bathurst mused. He said: "Cheyney was an amazingly kind man. Kindness is the great thing. Take the present Duke of Marlborough. I'm in a club with Bertie Marlborough to pay for the shooting at Blenheim. We each pay £400 a year."

"Well, when I got coronary trouble one autumn I thought 'Bang, goes my £400 for nothing.' But Bertie would not take the money from me."

"He said: 'You've hardly had any shooting. It wasn't your fault you were ill. All he would take from me was £9 10s. Awfully kind fellow, Bertie. Yet he'll send you a special bill for a few flowers to pickled to take home from Blenheim.'"

Mr Bathurst returned to Cheyney. He said: "I've often thought I would like to write a book myself. I've written pages of company reports. People have to read them. They're very readable. But I can't manage dialogue. It must be a gift."

I agreed. Outside, as I left, the leaves stirred on the pavement. In sight. But I fancied I heard a voice whisper: "Just one of Cheyney's many gifts, a kid."

A SHOWMAN  
"People say so. But I think he was probably acting. He was a great showman. Look at this tie clip." The Hon. Hilary Bathurst undid his jacket. "That belonged to Cheyney. It used to have a great gem in the middle—which my wife later had made into a ring. Upstairs I've got a police truncheon which Cheyney always carried in his car."

While clouds sped across the black night sky Mr Bathurst took me into his garden. He said: "I challenge you to find a

## CRIME SHELF by Philip Oakes

● **RIGHT FOR MURDER.** By Lionel White. Boardman, 10s. 6d. A cracking return to form by the author of *Clean Break* (filmed as *The Killing*). First-person narrative by a complex, hardened architect who overhears a plot to rob his own company, and graduates from conspiracy to murder. Quite outstanding.

● **THE WIFE OF THE RED-HAIRED MAN.** By Bill G. Ballinger. Reinhardt, 12s. 6d. Good, suspenseful story of a dogged Negro detective on the heels of an escaped convict and his wife (whose bigamous husband he has shot dead). Sympathy balanced between the

hunter and the hunted; pace and interest maintained to the near-tragic end.

● **THE BIG FRAME.** By The Gordons. Macdonald, 10s. 6d. A good idea gone wrong; dedicated to the detective, with ex-prostitute wife, slight reputation to smash a legal-seeming racketeer. Documentary detail as sound as ever, but the action slides in sentiment.

● **SKIN TRAP.** By William Mole. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d. Could the sexual vitality of a girl's skin drive a man to murder? Cason, Duke, wine merchant and amateur detective, puts his theory to the test. Full marks for really polished writing, and London settings which range from the shabby to the seedy. Odd, obsessive, and excellent.

● **THE CASE OF TORCHES.** By Clark Smith. Hammond and Hammond, 10s. 6d. Low-keyed thriller in the Balchin manner, with Nicky Mayer, a man on edge investigating accountant, uncovering embezzlement and murder in a mid-sized industrial jungle. Expertly detailed English background, with baleful slide-swipes at Subtopia. Do not miss this one.

● **THE SAINT AROUND THE WORLD.** By Leslie Charteris. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d. Half a dozen exploits of the one man anti-crime wave. Take your pick from a job lot including an oil-seeking sheikh, a theatrical wife-killer, and a murderous racist. Durable enough stuff, but by now, the hero should be sprouting a few grey hairs.

● **MAIDEN'S PRAYER.** By Joan Fleming. Crime Club, 12s. 6d. Not a whodunit, but a whiff of happen about an innocent spinster who inherits the grey of a shabby sinister character, named Mr Aladdin. Splendidly developed, cat and mouse situation, guaranteed to delight all but single or nervous ladies.

● **RICH DIE HARD.** By Beverley Nichols. Hutchinson, 10s. 6d. Periodic airing of a literary dinosaur—the country house murder, complete with a drawn-to-scale map of the scene of action. Involved plot, glossily-detailed backgrounds, and more detection—by an inspired amateur—than actual crime.

● **THE CRYSTAL WAVE.** By James Turner. Cassell, 12s. 6d. Very literary and doom-laden English thriller, beginning with the discovery of a young man tied naked to a tree and stabbed through the heart. Sinister East Anglian setting, with folk lore and lady archers enriching the action. Good and very grisly.

● **LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT.** By Ed Lacy. Boardman, 10s. 6d. Baby-faced, bantamweight New York cop, sensitive about his size and his Jewish-Italian ancestry, puts job above marriage in solving the murders of two ex-politicians. Violent, well-characterised, and almost aggressively readable. Put it down if you dare.

(London Express Service).

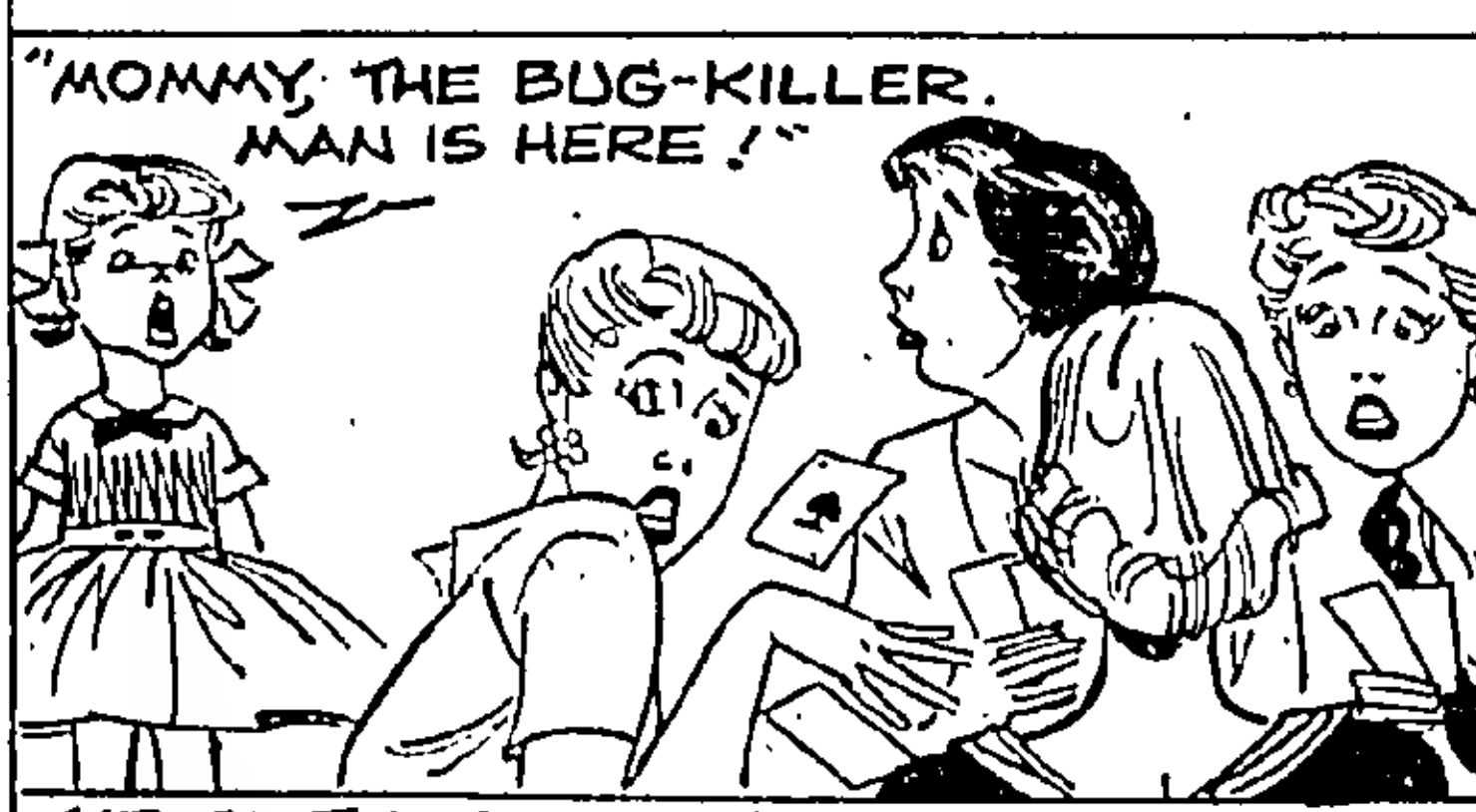
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Breaking The Sound Barrier

### By Harry Weinert



NO ONE CAN INSPIRE SILENCE MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN THE BOSS.



THE SILENCE CREATED BY THIS ONE COULD BE CUT WITH A BUTTER KNIFE.



A SURE-FIRE WAY TO BREAK THE SOUND BARRIER IS TO CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR KITCHEN DETAIL.



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AND CERTAIN THINGS, SUCH AS PINK MINK, HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CAUSE A LULL IN THE CONVERSATION.







SPORTS  
QUIZ

1. Racing motorist Juan Fangio has just won the world championship for the third, fifth or seventh time?
2. Who was runner-up this year?
3. When and where were the first Olympic Games held?
4. With what sports do you associate—(a) Norman Yardley (b) Norman Von Nida.
5. What is the name for the forward in the centre of the front row of a rugby scrum?
6. Who won the individual championship in this year's Canada Cup golf contest?
7. Grete Andersen of Denmark won the 100 Metres Free-Style in the 1948 Olympics. What famous international swimming event has she won this year?
8. What have these cricketers in common—George Duckworth, William Oldfield, Ernest Halliwell.
9. Who knocked out Raul Macias of Mexico recently to win the world's bantam-weight title?
10. What's the name? "Went to Lords at 14 and to Arsenal at 17... played in over 70 Tests and eleven international soccer matches.... produced centuries and Chinamen."

(Answers on Page 17.)

## LADIES TAKE THE SPOTLIGHT

## No Love Lost

There is no love lost between Rugby Union and Rugby League. Professional touring sides have been refused the use of Union grounds for practice, but one "pro" Ray Price, of St Helens, actually does his training on the ground of amateur Aberdilly in South Wales. Reason is that the ground is Council property, and no one can prevent resident Ray using it after he has paid the regulation one shilling per night training fee for use of bath-house facilities.

## Game Had Everything

Twelve goals, equally distributed, two penalties, two hat-tricks and a last-ditch equaliser. Those were the thrills of the George Celtic-BIP Sports match in the Oldbury (Birmingham) League. Six-six the score, and five and three goals respectively for the rival centre forwards. In the same League Churchbridge won 13-2, and four of their goals were scored by left back Simpson. Two brothers missed a penalty apiece, too.

## [Sports Diary]

## TODAY

1st Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
2nd Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
3rd Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
4th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
5th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
6th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
7th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
8th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
9th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
10th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.

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9th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.  
10th Division: Eastern v RMB (CH) 4 p.m.

## South China Will Battle It Out With Hurricanes

By "TIME OUT"

The ladies take the spotlight for the first time in a five-game card for the week-end when the defending champions, South China, battle it out with Onofre Souza's glamorous Hurricanes on Sunday at 10.00 a.m. Only one Senior encounter and three Junior games are also down for decision. Of the three Junior games, two will be played off this afternoon (Saturday) and one tomorrow afternoon.

To start the ball rolling this afternoon, the winless Junior South China squad will be trying hard to register their first win when they meet the luckless War Eagles at 2.00 p.m.

The Eagles came close to upsetting the League-leading Seminoles, Cheyennes and Dodgers but in all cases fouled up in the final stages either because of errors or bad coaching. If the Eagles can overcome these obstacles, they are

capable of defeating any Junior team.

Immediately following this tilt, the cocky Cheyennes take on another winless team, the Wah Ying. In recent outings, the Cheyennes have shown their desire to "hol around" and in more than one case had to rely on a last minute rally to win the ball game. It is not likely that the Wah Ying boys will upset the Cheyennes but, as the saying goes, "Any thing can happen in a ball game" and the Cheyennes are not to be over-estimated.

All the "wolves" will be waking up earlier than usual tomorrow morning to hustle up to King's Park when the Hurricanes meet the champion South China at 10.00 a.m. in what should be the best game of the week.

## His Nine Best

Mentor Souza has put his girls through their paces and shall find his nine best for this important game. Pitching duties will go to Terry Endara. At the present moment Encaya is in good form but she is subject to give way behind the pressure. Assisting Endara behind the plate will be Miss Almida. Miss Almida has a strong arm and has power at the plate.

The infield quartet of this up and coming team is comprised by that batting and fielding terror, "Ding Ding" Orosio at shortstop, Betty Semu will be at first whilst utility pitcher Carmen Mantos will hold post at second and Myra Cruz will guard the hot-corner.

The outfield trio will consist of that "golfie hunter" Pat Ewins at left, Cecilia Orosio at centre and Gertrude Souza at right.

For South China, last year's "Peasant" Yim will be facing the mound. Yim is now considered as the best hurler in the ladies' division. She has good control and can pitch many a fast ball. Calling the stunts will be that solid piece of defence Margaret Lam.

The infield will consist of last year's batting champion M. Pau at shortstop, L.Y. Kwok at first, D. Chen at second and C.Y. Lam at third.

In the outer gardens, Peggy Wai, F.Y. Chan and Helen Leung will patrol left, centre and right respectively. The Nam Wah tessie boast some very heavy hitting in the persons of M. Pau, L.S. Yim.

## Topsy Turvy League

Transparent FC have won only four of their nine games in the Topsy Turvy League, but they top the table, while Olive Paper Mill FC are second although they have dropped only one point this season. Reason is that Transparent have drawn four of their games, and their rivals have three matches in hand.

## CLUB RESERVE

Not many amateur clubs can afford to put an international into the reserve team. That is what has happened at Hitchin. The day after Roger Simmonds headed he had been chosen centre forward for Wales, against England he learned that he had been dropped to Hitchin Town's second eleven.

## Wimbledon Tennis Champion Is Broke: Negro Star Living With Friends

By EVELYN IRONS

New York. Althea Gibson, reigning queen of Wimbledon, who shook hands with Queen Elizabeth II after winning the world title last summer and was given a royal ticker-tape welcome on returning triumphant to New York, is broke.

"I am plain hard up," she admitted with a rueful grin when I met her here today. She has not even a home of her own. An unfurnished two-room flat in central Manhattan costs at least \$60 a month, and Althea hasn't that sort of money.

She is living with friends outside the city at Montclair, New Jersey. "I am okay while I am playing in tournaments as my expenses are covered," said the lean 30-year-old ex-tennis star, "but the season does not start till the spring and meanwhile one must live."

"It's lucky I have got good friends."

## Her Dreams

Her garage mechanic, Luther lives in an overcrowded five-roomed Harlem flat with Althea's mother, brothers, 17-year-old sister and her married sister who has two children. "I am not making any professional debut until I can get my own place," Althea mused.

"I dream of helping my young brother, who is a really talented singer, and my sister Lillian, who wants to train as a dancer. I am determined to do that somehow."

How to get that money? "Not by turning professional—I am playing amateur whatever it costs," Althea answered firmly. "I plan to play at Wimbledon again next year."

Return to teaching which she quit three years ago? "It could not be done—it would interfere with tennis."

"I aim to be in the big money—maybe an engagement in Las Vegas at a neat \$10,000 salary," she added confidently.

Meanwhile, she has to rely on friends for pocket money and even for such tennis queen expenses as the cost of stamps to answer her fan mail. Not to mention food, lodging, clothes and fares.

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FOURTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 23rd and Sunday 30th November 1957

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 15 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72411).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each per day and \$22.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 382 Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 22nd November will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively, but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscriptions Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 382 Nathan Road and 382 Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Prince of Wales Cup scheduled to be run on 25th January 1958, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Bettors are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been sounded.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR RESERVATIONS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. AFTER THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON "TEEN OR DIS-FIGURED" TICKETS.

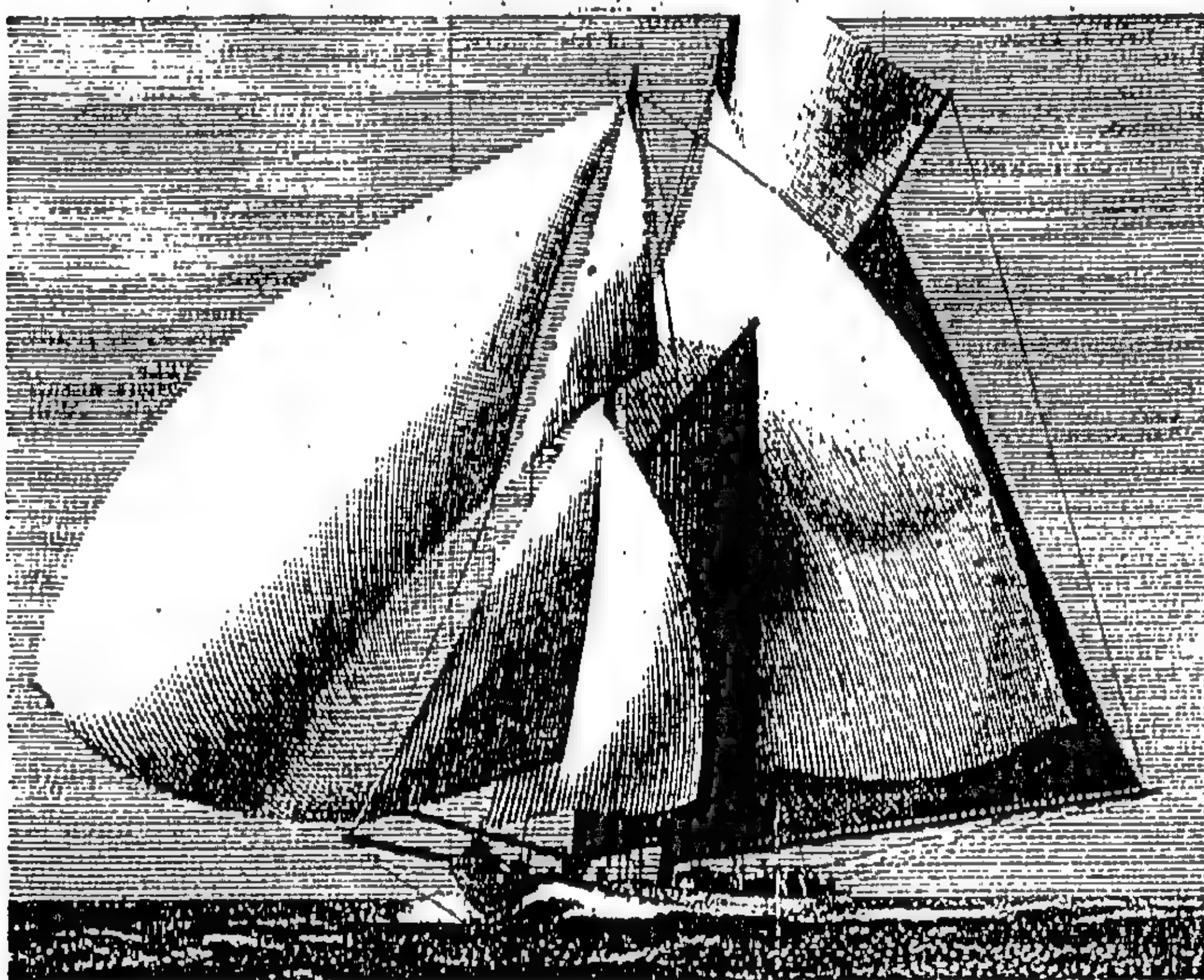
Bookmakers, the men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Jockey Club, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

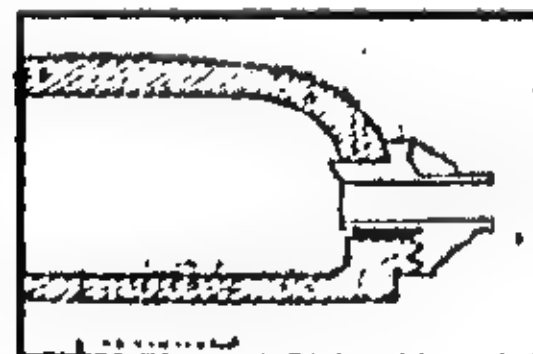
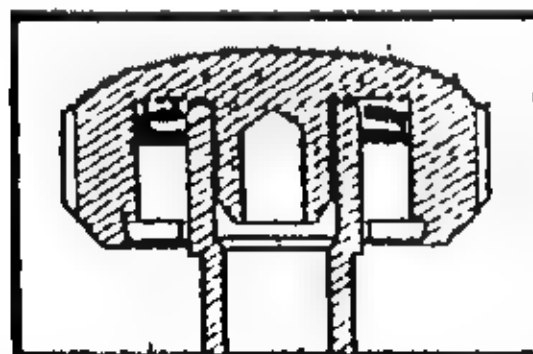
## The beauty of naval architecture!



The Cyma Navystar has been acclaimed throughout the world as the most elegant of all watertight watches. It is exceptionally sleek and fine. By adopting joints of a highly ingenious design, Cyma watchmakers have achieved the slimmest possible casing for the Navystar, and a watch with a most distinctive appearance. Ask to be shown the Cyma Navystar at your jewellers. It is a watch you will want to possess!



A unique feature of the Cyma Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counter-acts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness.



ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex shock-absorber... but every Cyma has it!

This, the most elegant of all watertight watches, is fitted with the world-famous Cymaflex anti-shock device.

**CYMA**  
**NAVYSTAR**

Sole Agents: ED. A. KELLER &amp; CO., LTD.

## POP



## Ponytalo

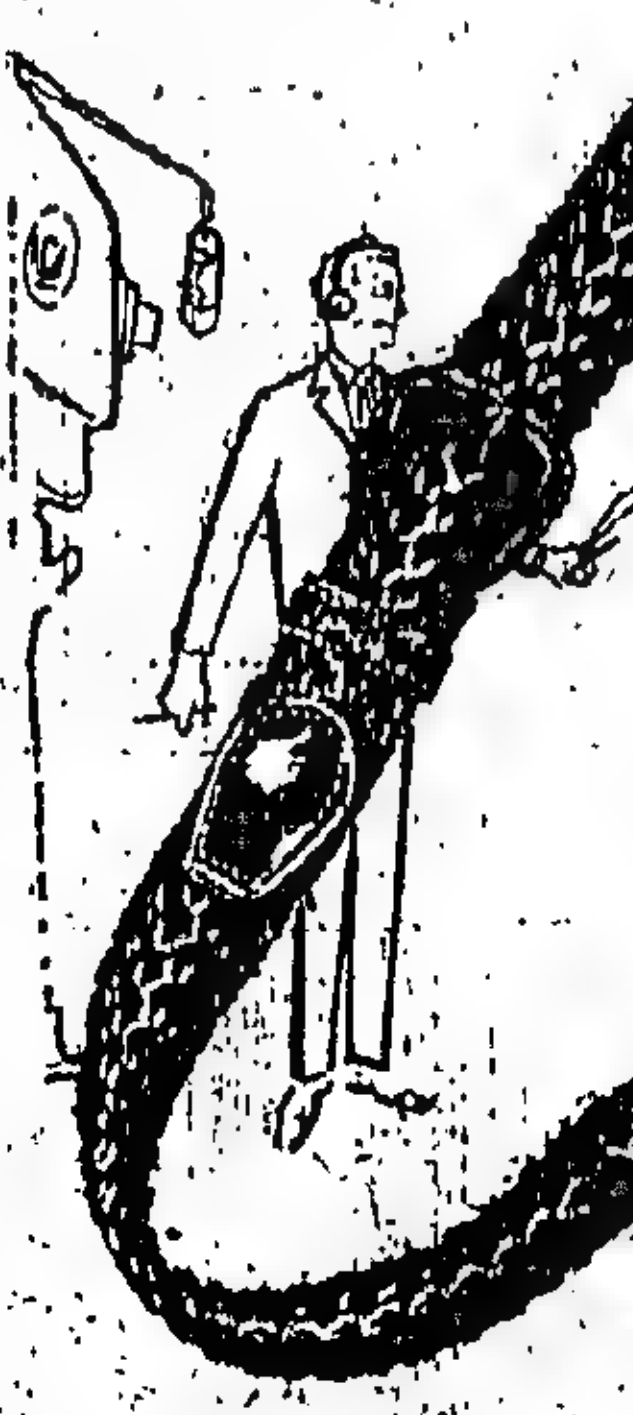


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CHERRY HEERING

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Compatible Colors



Plender





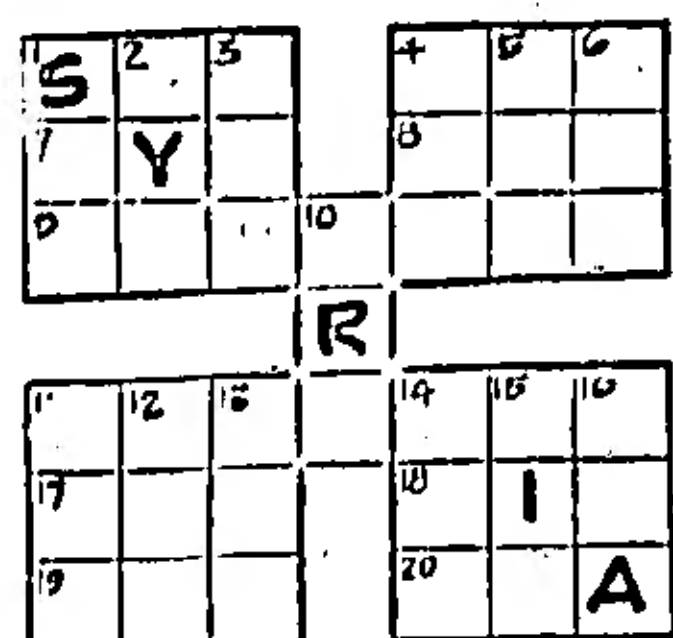


# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### SYRIAN CROSSWORD

To give you some help with The Puzzleman's crossword puzzle, Cartoonist Cal has lettered in the name of Syria:



### ACROSS

- 1 Crafty
- 3 Sa...
- 7 You see with this
- 8 Mineral rock
- 9 "d" a ool:
- 11 Forstists
- 12 Help
- 13 Bl d
- 14 Po's nickname
- 20 Eucharist's wine cup

### DOWN

- 1 Haron, as seen in
- 2 Strong alkaline solution
- 3 Allmative reply
- 4 Garden tool
- 5 Make a mistake
- 6 Residence (ab)
- 10 Attempt
- 11 Light touch
- 12 Falsehood
- 13 Annex
- 14 Greek letter
- 15 Edge
- 16 Body of water

### MISSING VOWELS

The Puzzleman left the vowels out of these three things about Syria, but he shows you how many letters are missing in each. Can you complete the list?

- R—N—T—S  
—P—H—R—T—S  
D—M—S—C—S

(Solutions on Page 19)

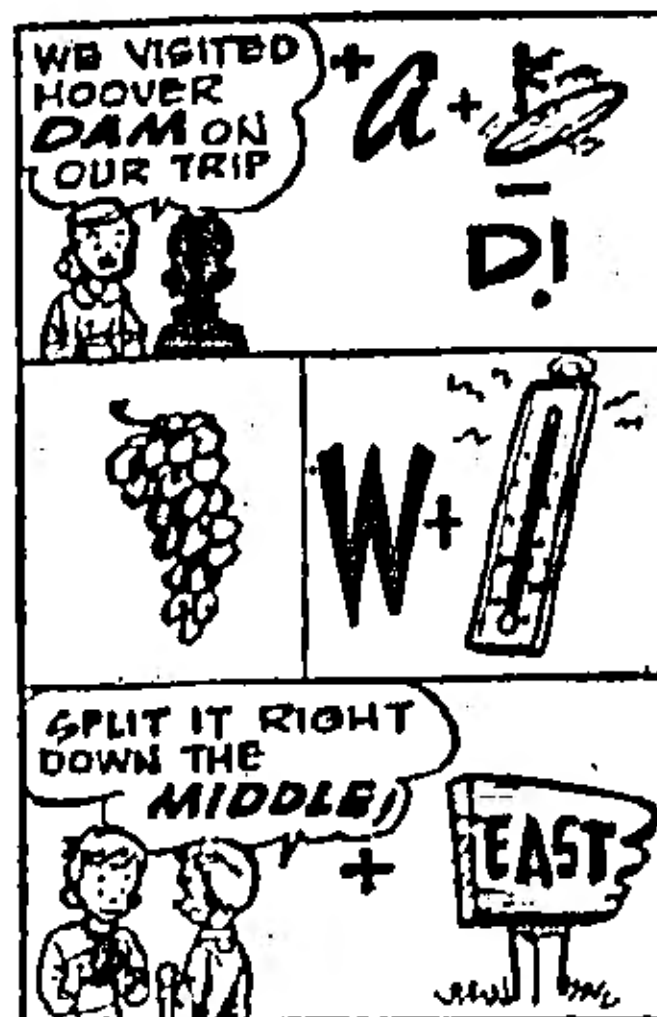
### DIAMOND

LATAKIA is the chief seaport of Syria and the centre of The Puzzleman's word diamond. The second word is "a blemish"; fifth "used a garden tool"; and sixth "a cover."

LATAKIA  
K  
I  
A

### SYRIA REBUS

You'll find The Puzzleman's four facts about Syria, which he has hidden in this rebus, if you'll just use the words and pictures to your fullest advantage:



### JUMBLEYAH

Trouble is what The Puzzleman had with his sentence about Syria, so he needs your help to let it straighten out. Can you do it?

One world's lands, is the ancient Syria most of

## THINGS NOT TO DO WHEN HOLIDAYING IN U.S.A.

IF YOU are under the impression that summer sports have been neglected by lawyers, you're mistaken.

One of the sports most popular in warm weather is bathing. But don't do it in Georgia on Sunday in a stream or pond where people going to church can see you. If you do, you may be tried for having committed a misdemeanor. If you have no bathing suit covering you "from neck to knee," resist the urge to plunge into water around Portland, Oregon. Otherwise you may find your bath quite expensive. Kentucky has a law which prohibits you from appearing on the streets in a bathing suit unless you have a police guard. And in Piqua, Ohio, you take no bath before 10 p.m., or you've guessed it — they have a law "agin" it.

ANOTHER SPORT closely allied to bathing in hot weather is fishing. If you angle for trout while on horseback anywhere in Colorado, make certain no policeman sees you. If he does, he'll be obliged to do his duty and pull you in — not into the stream but to say, "Good morning, Judge."

In Louisville, Ky., and in Hazlehurst, Miss., they have statutes denying you the right to shoot fish with a bow and arrow, even though you might have sufficient skill to accomplish the feat. In Knoxville, Tenn., they go a step further and say you are never, never to lose a fish. In Maine, if you use dynamite, TNT or any other explosive to fish you'll be likely to get a chance to correct your error with a nice term in a prison, where you'll be unable to bait a hook. In Toltec, Colo., if you catch a fish with your hands, you have become a lawbreaker.



If he did this in Kentucky, Cantinflas would get in trouble. Here the bull-ring comedian is shown talking one in Mexico.

KENTUCKY WILL make it tougher than tough on you should you take to bullfighting there. And no man in the District of Columbia may legally go in for a fist fight with a bull. Boys and girls can't go to a sparring match in Sacramento, Calif. There, too, a state law forbids all wrestlers to make faces at each other. In Philadelphia, if a wrestler throws his opponent out of the ring, it will cost him money. And no women can give public wrestling matches in Gloversville, N.Y.

EVEN YOUR exercising can get you in police toils very easily. You may not stand, sit, roll upon, walk or run down any slope in any park in Baltimore, Md., though all you may

be striving to do is your exercises in the shade.

If you should walk across the street on your hands in Hartford, Conn., or gallop across any thoroughfare in Hammond, Ind., on a tightrope, you will likely be made to pay for your proficiency in exercising.

The New Orleans statute will not allow you to kick a dust bin.

Suppose you are a baseball fan who can emulate Babe Ruth or Lou Gehrig and knock the cover off the ball any time you like. Don't let yourself go. If you hit the ball over the fence you'll have broken a local ordinance. For a female to enter a poolroom in Huntsville, Ala., or for anyone to perform on a musical instrument of any kind in the poolrooms in Birmingham, Ala., is against two more laws.

But the last "nay" is this: In Compton, Calif., if you dance chicken-chicken with the help of a wind, smacked constantly back at her.

She was an infuriated little girl as I tugged her back to her pen. I rushed to tell Judge

—By E. M. Marshall

## Mary Had A Little Goat—Briefly

GERTIE, MY PET goat, got involved with Judge Saunders, our neighbor, and was sentenced to isolation on his farm. Funny thing, Judge Saunders had brought Gertie to me — a pink-nosed, white and beige baby.

"Can I keep her?" I had asked my parents.

"Assume full responsibility for her behaviour," Dad had said.

"Feed and care for her," Mother'd ruled.

"I'll feed her every hour on the hour," I promised.

And Gertie was mine.

For a whole week I kept my word. But then I got lax about Gertie's feeding time. Gertie reminded me of it by bumping me.

I thought that was cute and clever, and encouraged her.

"It's unsocial, Mary. Better nip that habit of hers," Dad said.

"I will later," I glibly replied. "I'm building her pen, now."

I made one mistake on Gertie's do-it-yourself fence. I put the gate-latch inside instead of outside the pen. I never dreamed Gertie'd learn to lift that latch and get out.

Gertie's first uncondemned tour brought her face-to-face with her own reflection in Dad's new, shiny car. Not liking her own looks, she banged a fender out of shape.

Unsmilingly Dad warned: "Mary! Fix that latch!"

"On Sunday afternoon, Dad," I promised.

Saturday Gertie slipped off to Saunders' yard. There she encountered — on their clothes-line — the judge's garish-coloured bathrobe flapping in the breeze. When I caught up with her, Gertie was fighting a losing battle as she'd but the robe which with the help of the wind, smacked constantly back at her.

She was an infuriated little girl as I tugged her back to her pen. I rushed to tell Judge



I fled a rope around the rate. Sunday morning Judge Saunders, wearing his clean bathrobe, stepped out to get his paper.

Gertie, having chewed her rope in two, was at liberty. She spied that hateful bathrobe. Plunging across the yards, she connected with it — and Judge Saunders.

★ ★ ★

Luckily, he wasn't hurt. But he called Gertie and hauled her away. I felt just awful.

"If ONLY I'd fixed that latch!"

"You're a procrastinator," Mother said.

"A putter-offer!"

"You mean change, Mary. Want to try with a new pen?"

"Mother! A dog? Mayboy!"

"A dog — maybe?"

Right then and there I fixed that gate-latch.

—By Beatrice Chesbrough

## The Pixie Story Fest

—McSnooze Gives Everybody A Surprise—

By MAX TRELL

ALL the Pixies in O'Cheer Hall, which is at the bottom of the Old Oak, deep down among the roots, were gathered around the big table and telling stories.

Knarl and Hand, The Shadows With The Turned-About Names, had been invited in. They had been told by Pixie O'Scowl not to interrupt (for no Pixie likes to be interrupted while he is telling a story) so they just sat very quietly, munching poppy seed cookies and listening.

Pixie McMorry told about how he had jumped from the top of the Old Oak to the moon and came back with a bucket of moon-milk.

Pixie Proak

Pixie McMorry told how he had played a prank on a chicken and a goose by taking the webbed feet from the goose and giving them to the chicken so that the chicken paddled across the pond while the goose ran about the field pecking in the grass for barley seed.

Finally, Pixie O'Scowl, having been asked to tell a story, looked up and asked in a grumbling voice if Knarl and Hand had ever heard the story of how Pixie McSnooze opened the spring buds.

Knarl and Hand shook their heads. No, they had never heard the story of how Pixie McSnooze had opened the spring buds.

"I was hoping you had heard the story," grumbled Pixie McSnooze. "In that case, I wouldn't have had to tell it to you. But I guess there's nothing I can do about it now."

Pixie Begon

Then Pixie O'Scowl cleared his throat and began as follows: "Now as I often mentioned before, my brother, Pixie McSnooze, is the laziest Pixie alive. He no sooner starts anything—except his dinner—than he falls asleep and someone else has to finish the job. Naturally, he's very ashamed of himself. Again and again, I have heard him resolve to be less lazy."

"It isn't that I'm lazy," I have often heard him say, "it's just that I don't get enough sleep."

Pixie O'Scowl drew a deep breath, then continued: "Well, it so happened that it was the spring of the year and we Pixies were about to start on one of our biggest jobs of the season—opening all the buds on the bushes, vines and trees."

Plenty of Buds

"You can't have spring, you know, without plenty of buds being opened and lots of green leaves showing."

And that's the story that Pixie O'Scowl told Knarl and Hand at the story fest in O'Cheer Hall.

## Rupert and Rusty—29



The two pals find themselves pushed roughly into the dirt by the stick they recently left. Then the grim stranger looks at them closely, all with the twisted smile on his face. "I know you, young Rusty, though you don't know me," he says unpleasantly.

"It's a pity you and your friend have discovered this way here, for you'll never get out again. Look! Reaching up he seizes an iron handle, there is a clank of machinery, and to Rupert's amazement a slab of rock splits across and blocks the passage."

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**LOOK WHO CATS HAVE THE SHARPEST AND THE MOST PERFECT CLAWS, THEY ARE COMPRESSED ON EACH SIDE AND HOOKED.**

**A HIPPOPOTAMUS IS SO HEAVY THAT HE CAN'T STAND ON DRY LAND FOR LONG WITHOUT GETTING EXHAUSTED IN WATER. HIS BODY HALF FLOATS GIVING HIS LEGS A REST.**

**PEKAN IS THE INDIAN NAME FOR THE MARTEN, A BROWN BUSHY-TAILED FURBEARER THAT LIVES IN TREES OF NORTHERN FORESTS...**

## Just Arrived

# New EXPRESS ANNUAL 1957



The Super-colour Book for Boys  
Containing  
Picture-strip stories  
Adventure stories  
True-life Features  
Colour Pages  
and  
Humour

\$10.

from  
**SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD. HONGKONG KOWLOON**

## Line Up Games For Playtime Fun

NOW is the time to think up games for playtime fun. Here are several that cost practically nothing, yet they will give you much entertainment.

**Bowling:** Save 10 milk cartons and paint each carton a different colour. The cartons can be set in bowling-pin formation on the driveway. Add one rubber ball and you have a first-rate bowling game.

**Rope-Snap:** Take a long rope and a fastener. Both ends to a clothes pole. All players stand in a circle, holding the rope with both hands. Centre stands in the middle of the circle and tries to snap the hands of the players.

**On hobb must always be kept on the rope or the player is out. The trick is to change hands quickly to avoid being snipped. Should Centre actually snap a hand, the person caught must take Centre's place.**

★ ★ ★

**The Flag Flies High:** The sand-pile set likes this game. Fill a flower pot or pail full of sand. Stick a small flag in the top. If you haven't got a flag, you can make one from an ice-cream stick to which you can tape a small sheet of paper.

Using a toy shovel, each player removes a single scoop of sand without upsetting the flag. The game gets exciting when several scoops of sand have been taken from the pot.

**Clock Golf:** Save 12 of those aluminium foil pie plates that pies come in. Arrange them in a large circle like the numerals on a clock and have a golf game. If you haven't got a golf club, a stick and a small ball will do. One hit from the centre on every plate is a perfect score in this game.

**See the Birdie:** Take a clothes peg and hide it in the open, upright on a branch, on a bush, or even on the grass. Everyone starts looking. Whoever sees the bird first, captures it and places it for the second hunt.

**Chain Ties:** Dandelion chains can be made by knotting stems around the blossoms. Make the



chain large enough for a head to slip through. The chain should be tossed over the head of the least watchful player, and he or she must try to get rid of the chain by tossing it over the head of another player.

**Ring Toss:** Any stick stuck in the ground is good for the old-fashioned game of ring toss. Cut out your own cardboard hoops.

★ ★ ★

## ARE YOU ALERT?

By JAY WORTHINGTON.

TRY to find an error of some kind in each of the following statements. Look out. Some of them are tricky.

1. It is a true fact that aluminium and aluminum are different spellings of the same substance.

2. The U. S. government sends post-cards bearing printed postage stamps.

3. Use a rubber cork to delay evaporation of any liquid you wish to keep in a flask.

4. Chocolate and cocoa are made from a South American shrub named coca.

5. You can swim more easily in salt water than in fresh water.

6. I slipped at the mosquito that bit me, but he flew away.

## Space Ships Next?

## FIFTY YEARS OF POWERED FLIGHT

By Margaret O. Hyde

IF you had visited the Wright Brothers' bicycle shop 50 years ago on Dec. 17 you might have seen this sign on the door: **CLOSED. GONE TO KITTY HAWK, N. C.**

The Wright brothers were busy preparing their fragile aircraft for a great event. A bitter wind whipped sand from the dunes and seagulls soared overhead as Orville Wright lay flat on his stomach on the bottom wing of the plane.

Runners somewhat like those of a sled carried the wooden plane down the track while the two propellers whirled. The plane rose from the ground, dipped in the wind and rose again. It flew forward 120 feet in 12 seconds at a distance of 10 feet above the ground.

Perhaps you think this was not much of a flight but it was the beginning of a brand-new age. It was the first powered flight.

Fifty years later we live in the Air Age. You can plan a round-the-world tour for as little as 50 cents a mile and cover the whole distance in seven days. You can choose from thousands of routes for the networks of airlines cover the globe. Each man has become your neighbour in a world that is shrinking under the wings of aircraft.

### BEYOND EARTH

SOME of these wings are long and sleek. Now shapes and new engines for planes carry men faster and farther. The clattering scream of jet engines is becoming familiar to those who watch planes overhead.

With speeds faster than sound, planes are carrying men

toward space. William Bridgman has climbed 15 miles above the earth in a rocket. He reached a speed of 1,238 miles per hour. Test planes are being developed to carry men higher still. There is much talk about going to the moon.

Perhaps you will go to the moon in your lifetime. Your space ship will be a rocket propelled craft which will not need streamlining. Since there is no air in space, aircraft cannot fly there for there is nothing to lift their wings. There will be nothing to hold back the unstreamlined parts of 1,075 miles above the earth, carry men on their journeys into the unknown.

Before you go to the moon, you will see a second moon in the sky sweeping around the earth every two hours. This artificial moon will be the space station which scientists are hoping to build at a distance of 1,075 miles above the earth. Here they will build the moon-ship that will carry them through the thousands of miles to the barren land of the real moon.

Much work is needed and much money must be spent before the dreams of space travellers come true. But think back 50 years. Man has come a long way since the first powered flight. No one knows what will happen in the future in the world of flight but what seems impossible today may be commonplace tomorrow.

## WHAT AM I?

By Claudia M. Adams

Mother takes the iron to me. When pressing near your clothes, if you squint—or sneeze—I'm sitting.

On your eyelid, or your nose. Should you help to make the beds. You smoothe me quite away. One thing sure, where I have been.

I shall be back another day.







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# CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1957.

**NEW!**  
**SHEAFFERS**  
Feathertouch  
**BALLPOINT**

## Russia To Launch 70 Rockets Soon More Sputniks Next Year

### INT'L GEOPHYSICAL YEAR PLAN TO EXPLORE SPACE

**Warsaw, Nov. 15.**  
Soviet scientists will send up some 70 space rockets next year, according to the Russian scientist, Professor Zigel, quoted in Trybuna Ludu here today. He told a Moscow correspondent of the Polish Communist newspaper that rockets and further Sputniks would be sent up systematically next year, as a part of Soviet activities in connection with the International Geophysical Year.

Professor Zigel, a member of the Soviet Astronautical and Geophysical Society, disclosed

that the Soviet Union is sending up rockets from three main territories:

1. The Arctic areas, particularly Franz Josef Land; 2. The central areas of the Soviet Union (the Professor did not specify these more exactly); 3. The Antarctic, particularly near the Mirny Polar Observatory.

Professor Zigel said the next Sputniks the Soviet Union will send up will comprise some apparatus to measure the earth's magnetic field.

He said 28 rockets will be sent up from the Arctic areas next year and about 40 from the central areas of the Soviet Union from where some 30 rockets would have been launched by the end of this year.

In the two-year period, about 30 rockets would be sent up from the Antarctic area—China Mail Special.

### P.I. BOXER KOs AUSTRALIAN

**Manila, Nov. 15.**  
Philippine Bandamweight Donny Ursua knocked out Johnny Jarrett of Australia in the first round of a scheduled ten-round fight in Manila's Rizal Memorial Coliseum tonight.

Ursua, ranked number five in the world bantamweight ratings, knocked down Jarrett twice with powerful right hooks before knocking him out with a left uppercut at two minutes 55 seconds.—Reuter.

### S. Africans Off To A Disastrous Start

**Proctoria, Nov. 15.**  
A strong South African eleven lost half their wickets for 60 runs before lunch here today when they began a match against the Australians.

All five fell while 53 runs were being scored and only K. Funston (not out 20) withstood the bowling onslaught.

The South Africans made a disastrous start, losing three wickets when the score had reached 17.

The ball was turning a little and came off the pitch at varying heights, but Funston alone showed confidence.

Neil Harvey and Colin McDonald returned to the Australian team for this match, their first appearances since being injured early in the tour.—Reuter.

### Rose, Anderson Take NSW Tennis Title

**Sydney, Nov. 15.**  
Moryn Rose and May Anderson won the doubles title today in the New South Wales State Tennis Championships here.

In the final, they beat their compatriots Ashley Cooper and Neale Fraser, 6-4, 6-4, 9-11, 6-2.

Rose and Anderson have played together in only three tournaments, but they proved too good for Cooper and Fraser, who had won the American doubles title earlier this year.—Reuter.

**Porter Corners, New York, Nov. 15.**  
Miss Hottie Gray Baker, 76, an author and former director of censorship at 20th Century-Fox Film Corp., died yesterday.—United Press.

### NAMESAKES

Answers:—1. Judgement, 2. Look, 3. Characters, 4. Anger, 5. Emotions, 6. Dramatist, 7. Boards, 8. Porter, 9. Criticism, 10. Meaning, 11. Theatre, John Osborne.

### SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"We're starved, Grandma! Got anything in the freezer you could thaw out?"

### Only Skill Of Surgeon Saved Her

**London, Nov. 15.**  
A judge today told a man convicted of wounding a girl swimming champion with intent to cause grievous bodily harm that only the surgeon's skill had saved him from a murder charge.

"The condition to which you have reduced this girl is pitiable," he said in sentencing factory worker James Kenneth James, 25, to seven years' gaol.

He was alleged to have battered Valerie Williams, former Essex swimming champion, with "something like a hammer" and left her lying in the road.

James, in evidence, denied hitting the girl.—China Mail Special.

### QUEENSLAND'S REYNOLDS IN FINE FORM

**Brisbane, Nov. 15.**  
Ray Reynolds, the Queensland opening bat, again showed fine form for his state in scoring 144 not out today against West Australia here.

At the close of the first day's play in the Sheffield Shield game, Queensland had made 221 for three wickets.

Reynolds made 174 in his previous Shield game against New South Wales three weeks ago.

All three Queensland wickets fell to Keith Slater, a right arm medium-pace bowler, who conceded 47 runs.—Reuter.

### Lessons In Love Affairs

**Tokyo, Nov. 15.**  
The Tokyo Procurator's Office today indicted a 36-year-old man, his 33-year-old wife and two girls on charge of violating regulations against prostitution.

The couple established a "love affairs school" in July this year and employed 50 "mistresses" for "teaching students" the police said.

The police said the couple levied 1,100 yen per "student" and had earned two million yen so far.—Reuter.

### REDIFFUSION

11:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 10; 12 Noon, "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 11; 12:30 p.m. "Three Men On A Horse"—Paul Robeson, Hutton, and Fats Domino; 1:15 p.m. "Macau Grand Prix"—Commentary from Radio Via Verde Macau on the Production Car Race; 1:30 p.m. "Weather Report, News and Special Announcements"; 2:30 p.m. "George Melachrino and his Orchestra"—Macau Grand Prix—Production Car Race; 3:10 p.m. "Requests—Presented by Betty"; 3:15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 12; 3:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 13; 4:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 14; 4:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 15; 5:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 16; 5:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 17; 6:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 18; 6:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 19; 7:00 p.m. "Weather Report, Announcements and Interlude"; 7:15 p.m. "Songs—The Andrews Sisters"; 7:30 p.m. "Rediffusion Jazz Club"—Presented by Philip Dickson; 8:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 20; 8:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 21; 9:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 22; 9:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 23; 10:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 24; 10:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 25; 11:00 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 26; 11:30 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 27; 12:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 28; 12:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 29; 1:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 30; 1:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 31; 2:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 32; 2:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 33; 3:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 34; 3:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 35; 4:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 36; 4:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 37; 5:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 38; 5:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 39; 6:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 40; 6:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 41; 7:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 42; 7:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 43; 8:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 44; 8:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 45; 9:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 46; 9:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 47; 10:00 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 48; 10:30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 49; 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